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THE DICKENSIAN

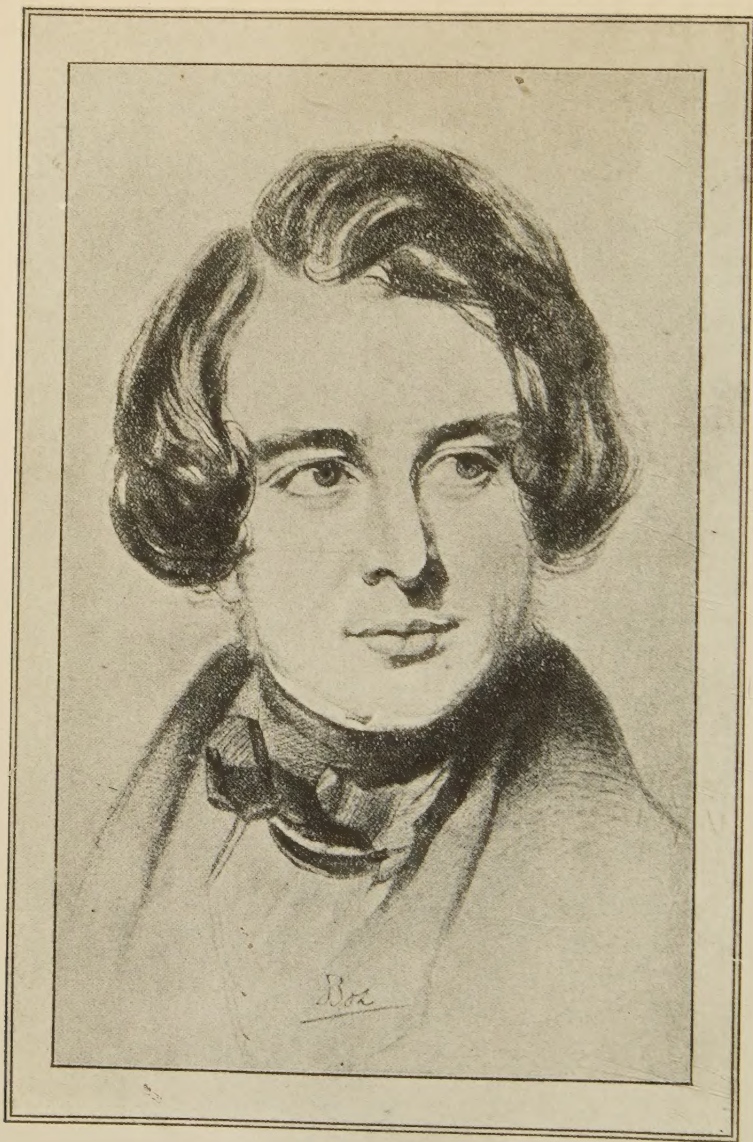
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CHARLES DICKENS

(1836)

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER



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THE LEAVEN OF DICKENS

ONE of the writers on "The Times" must lately have been earning the undying gratitude of all his readers for adding so much to their gaiety by his contributions at least once a week to the final leading article in that paper. The name of the writer of these attractive little essays is not actually known to us, but we hazard a guess that his name figures in the list of Vice-Presidents printed on the back cover of this magazine.* His *forte* is the homely metaphor, as may be judged from some of the titles of his recent articles; "Pipe and Slippers," "The Return of the Rug," "Touching Wood," "The Duty of Fussing," "Doubling Up," "Company," "Hearts and House-keepings"; and he invariably uses Dickens to stress his points.—Thus in writing of the little things among our household goods and chattels that we are feeling the loss of more keenly than the war's larger deprivations, he recently made reference to the fact that Dickens when in Lausanne could not work on *Dombey and Son* until he received from London the two little bronze frogs and the figure of a dog seller, a brass rabbit, and the special paper knife which always stood upon his writing desk at home.

Writing on a return to more serious reading during the long nights of the black-out, of course, the wistful remark of Mr. Boffin to Silas Wegg that "all print was open to him" despite his wooden leg, was alluded to; and in commenting on the fact that the Rug, long discarded from heated railway carriages and motor cars, had returned to its own in these days of shelters he recalled that the Pickwickians were made of sterner stuff, and that on the Muggleton Telegraph they did not seem to possess any rugs but relied entirely upon shawls.

The heading of "Hearts and House-keepings" was promoted by the fact that "the war had brought to many people what Mr. Bumble called the 'opportunity for a joining of hearts and house-keepings' either because one neighbourhood is deemed more safe than another, or on grounds of economy."

That admirable phrase of Mr. Lowten, "You have the key of the street my friend" was the keynote of the humorous leader at the end of September, when many people in search of repose which neither a Custom House nor Lant Street could bestow, or those more unfortunately compulsorily evacuated, "sped vaguely away into the country, trusting to the chapter of accidents, and have then found that it is one thing to want a bed and another to get one . . . the profoundest thankfulness has been felt even for the two tables put together in the corner of the snugery, which was the fate of the dilatory visitor locked in the Marshalsea."

What Mr. Churchill calls "the banshee howling" of the siren recalled to our writer that every epithet would seem to have been used in this

* See page 60.

connection except that applied to the classic sirens by Mr. Pecksniff, "Pagan, I regret to say."

"In the rather harassing conditions which have had to be endured the company of our kind is for most of us definitely comforting" is the main thought of a later article. "Company, you see," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "Company is—is—it's a very different thing from solitude—a'n't it?" Sam told him, appositely quoting the dog's-meat man, that this was a self-evident proposition, and so it is; but it is one the truth of which many people of late have gratefully acknowledged. "The precise company that is best in the present circumstances is a matter of individual taste," the writer continues, and then takes his first two named personages as examples, "Mr. Peter Magnus would not be good company, for he would talk too much and too exclusively of his own affairs. We 'rather envy the ease with which his friends were entertained.' Since we know he was 'given to nervousness' he might have a bad effect on our nerves. Sam, on the other hand, always good-humoured and of an unruffled calm, would be almost ideal. He would greet an occasional 'crump,' but by no means every one, with a happy similitude; he would find a peg, for he never dragged them in *à propos des bottes*, on which to hang one of his entrancing stories; he would cheer us with prophecies of the 'very good little dinner—French beans, 'tateurs, tart and tidiness' to be ready against the All Clear."

Superstition has its appeal more than ever to-day, even to the most practical of people; "Touch wood" is an exhortation constantly on our lips. "Hundreds of us," says our "Times" contributor, "while perhaps deriding such beliefs, have yet our odd little personal rituals which we keep blushing secret. . . . How many men, for example, can lay their hands on their hearts and declare that they have never had a lucky neck-tie. . . . 'There is a suit of clothes in that bag,' said Mr. Magnus, 'and a hat in that box, which I expect in the effect they will produce, will be invaluable to me.' If anyone is the possessor of such fortunate garments let him put them on and refuse to be put down."

The "Gamp" assumed prominence a couple of years ago in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement visits to Germany. Our friend of "The Times" has found another word—from the mouth of a little girl, Aunt Brella—a good and appropriate one, the writer claims, "suggesting as it does, all the best qualities of the admirable race of aunts. Are they not protective and comforting? . . . Some umbrellas have been degraded to base uses. That of Mrs. Gamp used to attack with its ferrule the ribs of those who impeded her. Mr. Squeers first captured poor Smike by hooking his coat with an umbrella handle, and then used it for thrashing him in a coach—a novel process, which, as he remarked, 'gave it a sort of relish'!"

"Neither as a nation, nor as individuals have we any great objection to being laughed at . . . but, as Mr. Guppy remarks, 'there *are* chords' and if our neighbour laughs at us for being fussy we are not amused. . . . When embarked upon a journey we may feel, as did another traveller,

much uneasiness as to the striped bag, the red bag, the brown-paper parcel and the leather hatbox being safe in the van; but we are too much afraid of the porter to betray it." The writer then goes on to refer to the laughter that greeted the brave band of volunteers who formed a home guard in the early days of 1914; and remarking on the diffidence with which some citizens approach the duties of the present Home Guard. "Nobody but the most romantic of all adventurers could have been decoyed into the garden of a girls' school at night in order to prevent an elopement. Yet he bore the ensuing attack of rheumatism with philosophy; what ultimately roused him to fury and revenge was the knowledge that his betrayers had been heard laughing together over the way in which 'they'd done Old Fireworks.' To have been deceived, to have been wet through and imprisoned in a grove of sandwich bags, was hard to bear, but a sense of duty done made these things endurable; to be called 'Old Fireworks' was too much. It is against some such cheerful insult that many a brave Home Guard must steel his heart. Against graver perils it is steeled already."

The rationing of certain foods prompted reference to the two great rivals, tea and coffee; in spite of the former being rationed, our writer is of opinion that "evening tea is coming into its own again . . . the triumphant hour of tea, sweet when we cannot go to sleep; sweeter still when we wake at three o'clock in the morning . . . possibly sweetest when the 'All Clear' calls us from an uneasy drowse." "Our orgies must be comparatively limited," the essay continues. "In fact, if it were not for Lord Woolton, we might rival the young woman who drank nine breakfast cups and a half and was 'a-swellin' wisely'."

Not all these articles have a background of war.

The seventieth anniversary of the introduction of the post-card prompted a leaderette on the subject at the end of September, viewing with melancholy that "the mauve-purple of its original ha'penny has now given place to the sere and yellow twopenny," and commenting on the style of post-card communication which "often tantalises by its compressed brevity the avid thirst for news, 'The great art of letter writin',' says Sam Weller in commending epistolary brevity, is that 'she'll vish there vos more,' and that," concludes the writer, "is where the post-card, whether picture or plain, so often leaves us, especially when it comes from somewhere from somebody on active service." The writer here lost an opportunity of mentioning the "twopenny Postman" referred to in *Pickwick*.

The foregoing extracts from articles that have appeared during one month only, are eloquent of the fact that Dickens's humour is perennial, and just as fresh as when it was written a century ago and more. There is no other writer who could be used to such advantage to give additional point to comments on modern conditions, and yet be such a part of the everyday language of the people as to be understood perfectly, even by the reader who has not an intimate knowledge of his writings.

W. D.

A DICKENS EXAMINATION

1. Who assisted Amy Dorrit into the world ?
2. Who was " the dearest girl in the world " ?
3. Where was the " Lumps of Delight " shop ?
4. Who was the war correspondent of the New York Rowdy Journal ?
5. Who was the Betsy whose husband's name was Daniel ?
6. Where did Dickens's first published story appear ?
7. What was the stage name of Nicholas Nickleby ?
8. Name two Bow Street runners.
9. Who was the surgeon of the Ninety-seventh ?
10. What was the occupation before marriage of Mrs. Kit Nubbles ?
11. Who had a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man ?
12. Who was the man of realities, the man of facts and calculations ?
13. What was the name of Dickens's first book ?
14. Who was an adept in the art of " working people off " ?
15. Who married Mark Tapley ?
16. Who was Sophronia Sphynx ?
17. Who was always waiting round the corner ?
18. Where did Dr. Blimber live ?
19. What was the date of Dickens's death ?
20. What was David Copperfield born in ?
21. What was the shape of Quilp's nose ?
22. Who was landlord of " The Nutmeg Grater Inn " ?
23. Who was Mr. Wickfield's London agent ?
24. Where did he (No. 23) live ?
25. Who was called Tattycoram ?
26. In what book does the character of Tom Tix appear ?
27. What was a later name of the " Prentice Knights " ?
28. What was Dora's maiden name ?
29. Where was the famous Cricket match played ?
30. Who was the Black Lion ?
31. Name the greengrocer juryman in the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial.
32. Where did the Plornish family live ?
33. What relation was Pip to Joe ?
34. Who was chief verger at Cloisterham Cathedral ?
35. Where was The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters ?
36. Who was " a resurrection man " ?
37. Who were the great exponents of " How not to do it " ?
38. Who was " the man from Shropshire " ?
39. Who were " Biler " and " Rob the Grinder " ?
40. Who was Mr. Nadgett ?
41. What was Poor Jo's other name ?
42. What was the name of the firm established by " Fascination " Fledgeby ?
43. What was the Christian name of Mr. Grewgious ?
44. Who was the Native ?
45. Whose conversation was limited to " Esker " ?
46. Who was always feeling for his whiskers ?
47. Who said " the witties is up " ?
48. Who was Mrs. Bayham Badger's first husband ?

(Answers will be printed in the next number).

AN UNPUBLISHED PROLOGUE

[For the following Prologue we are indebted to Count de Suzannet who purchased it at Sothebys in July, 1935, as part of the collection of Dickens letters, etc., in the possession of Anne Brown (Mrs. Cornelius) the old and trusted servant of the family. It is printed in blue ink on an octavo sheet; and from its context it would appear that it was written to be read before a performance which included Douglas Jerrold's "The Housekeeper," but we have as yet not come across any reference to such a performance by Dickens's amateur company.—THE EDITOR.]

PROLOGUES and Epilogues, in good old days,
 Were things of course, wherever there were plays.
 On all "first nights" some actor would disclose
 The mournful secret of the poet's woes,
 Who, so the story ran, would trembling sit,
 Awaiting the dread judgment of the Pit,
 Too well aware that on the public will
 Rested his chance of paying score and bill—
 That if his wooings of the Muse should fail,
 He'd change blest Grub Street for a hopeless jail.

But all things human find their end at last.
 Prologues belong—like pigtails—to the past.
 That neat rhym'd speech, so priz'd in times of yore,
 From lips professional, is heard no more.
 The modern bard, whate'er he feels within.
 Stifes his sighs, and—lets his play begin.

Prologue is dead then;—ne'er to live again,
 Not so; your Amateurs the form retain;
 To ancient usages they still adhere,
 And love to speak in tones of modest fear.
 It is not that your charity they crave,
 Some luckless bard from penury to save.
 No; for themselves, true suppliants, they plead;
 Let the pure will excuse the faulty deed.
 Let good intentions have their simple due;
 Encourage those whose aim is pleasing you—
 For you the *Housekeeper*, in plain attire,
 Ventures where guilty Jacobites conspire.
 For you the *Windmill* spreads its busy sail,
 Watching your favour as a prosp'rous gale.
 Our bachelors turn *Husbands* for awhile
 And groan beneath the yoke that *you* may smile.
 For *you* we *all* perform our willing task—
 Your leniency the only boon we ask.





The Amateur Company, 1857

From an original in the possession of Count de Suzannet

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

DICKENS'S APPEARANCES AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR

BY WALTER DEXTER

XV.

ALTHOUGH the performance of the farce "Uncle John" on the conclusion of "The Frozen Deep" at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on August 22nd, 1857, marked Dickens's last public appearance as an amateur actor there may possibly have been other occasions on which he acted in a private capacity: but there are no particulars available to confirm this. What we do know, however, is that his interest in the Theatre ended only with his death: and although it is not mentioned by Forster, there is a note in the narrative to the year 1870 in the second volume of *Letters of Charles Dickens* (1880) to the effect that "On the 2nd June he attended a private play at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Freake, where his two daughters were among the actresses."

This is rather an under-estimate of fact, as it was actually Dickens's "Positively last appearance on the stage"—although behind the scenes. Here is Herman Merivale's account of it in a letter to "The Times," 8th February, 1883:

"... During the last weeks of May, 1870, I was at his house in Hyde Park Place almost every day for some hours, for the rehearsals of a play in which the characters were taken by his two daughters, Mr. Hastings Hughes (brother of Mr. Thomas Hughes, and once the very schoolboy who wrote to Dickens to tell him what ought to be done with some of the characters in *Nicholas Nickleby* and got back the delightful answer beginning 'Respected Sir'), Mr. F. C. Grove and myself. Charles Dickens undertook the entire stage management; and though he was suffering from his lameness, directed all the rehearsals with a boy's spirit, and a boy's interest in his favourite art; 'coaching' us all with untiring kindness, marking his prompt-book as he marked his readings, and acting all the parts *con amore*, one after another, passing from the 'old man' to the 'young lover' with all his famous versatility and power.

"The performance came off at Cromwell House (Mr. Freake's) on the second of June. The later rehearsals took place there; and like the performance, on the drawing-room floor, under Dickens's active personal direction. On the night (a stifling one) he was behind the scenes as prompter and stage manager, ringing all the bells and working all the lights, and went through the whole thing with infectious enjoyment. I was gloomy about my part, and do not forget asking him in the morning as a last hope (as he seemed uncertain about its bearings himself), whether he thought it was comic or serious, and the twinkle in his eye when he answered, 'My dear boy, God alone knows. Play it whichever way you feel at night.' And I remember his enjoyment at the dilemma of one of our company, who lost his personal clothes behind the scenes, and had to slip away as best he might, without joining the company in front, in

the white regimentals of an Austrian officer from the costumier's point of view. . . . When Charles Dickens's love of the stage is remembered, this story of his last days is surely as much happier and more touching as it is assuredly more true than that which the biographers want to inflict on us."

Elsewhere, in "Temple Bar," Merivale informs us that the play was a two act drama called "Carlmlhan," and when introducing the subject to Dickens "he said he had fancied that he knew the name of every new play that had been acted for years (melodrama of the higher kind was his pet passion) but that this strange-named pirate was entirely new to him."

"He meant at first to take a part in it himself," continues Merivale, "but the lameness from which he was suffering prevented him from feeling equal to it. . . . He was with us all the evening in the prompter's corner, little as most of the crowd in front knew whom the curtain concealed. . . . When the play was over, he would not go in front, but thanked us all round with a kindly expression of his own enjoyment, and went—home. . . . We acted on the second of June; and on the ninth he was gone."



EARLY ADAPTATIONS AT THE PORTSMOUTH THEATRE

By courtesy of the Chief Librarian of the Portsmouth Public Library, we reproduce on the opposite page two playbills of early adaptations of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, as performed at the Portsmouth Theatre.

It is the latter play-bill which holds our attention, for here surely we see the shades of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummies in the management of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hill "from the Theatres Royal, London and Brighton, presenting on their second appearance, and for the first time" an entirely new drama selected from the celebrated widely diffused, extensively circulated and universally admired Papers by Boz, written and adapted expressly for this establishment.

The date of the performance is May 17th, 1839, when the story was still in course of publication; and we wonder what sort of ending the adapter gave to Ralph Nickleby. It will be noticed that Madame Mantilini's (*sic*) spouse is referred to as "Monsieur"; and the character of Squeers is taken by a Mr. Floyer; probably the successor to Mr. Folair.

According to the notes printed on the play-bill the adaptation concerns itself only with the Ralph Nickleby-Smike-Squeers part of the story and does not include any scene relating to the Crummies theatrical company. This followed the lines of the adaptation by Edward Stirling which was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on November 19th, 1838, nine months after the commencement of the story, and nearly a year before its completion.

The first adaptation in which the Crummies family appeared was "The Infant Phenomenon" at the Strand Theatre in July, 1838.

DICKENS AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR

COMPLETE LIST OF PERFORMANCES

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Place of Performance.</i>	<i>Plays Presented.</i>
1833.		
April 27	London, Bentinck Street.	"Clari," "The Married Bachelor," "Amateurs and Actors."
1842.		
May 25	Montreal, Queen's Theatre.	"A Roland for an Oliver," "Past Two O'clock in the Morning," "Deaf as a Post."
May 28	Do. do.	Do.
1845.		
Sept. 20	London, Miss Kelly's Theatre.	"Every Man in His Humour," "A Good Night's Rest."
Nov. 15	London, St. James's Theatre.	Do.
1846.		
Jan. 3	London, Miss Kelly's Theatre.	"The Elder Brother," "Comfortable Lodgings."
1847.		
July 26	Manchester, Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables," "A Good Night's Rest."
July 28	Liverpool, Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables," "Comfortable Lodgings."
1848.		
May 15	London, Haymarket Theatre.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Animal Magnetism."
May 17	Do. do.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Love, Law and Physic."
June 3	Manchester, Theatre Royal.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Animal Magnetism."
June 5	Liverpool, Royal Amphitheatre.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love, Law and Physic."
June 6	Birmingham, Theatre Royal.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Animal Magnetism."
June 27	Do. do.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Good Night's Rest."
July 17	Edinburgh, Theatre Royal.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love, Law and Physic," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
July 18	Glasgow, Theatre Royal.	"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Animal Magnetism."
July 20	Do. do.	"Used Up," "Love, Law and Physic," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
1849.		
Nov. —	Rockingham Castle.	Scenes from "The School for Scandal" and "Nicholas Nickleby."
1850.		
Nov. 18	Knebworth.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Animal Magnetism."
Nov. 19	Do.	"Every Man in His Humour," "Turning the Tables."
Nov. 20	Do.	Do.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Place of Performance.</i>	<i>Plays Presented.</i>
1851.		
Jan. 15	Rockingham Castle.	"Used Up," "A Day After the Wedding," "Animal Magnetism."
May 14	London, Devonshire House.	(Dress Rehearsal), "Not So Bad as We Seem."
May 16	Do. do.	"Not So Bad as We Seem."
May 27	Do. do.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
June 18	London, Hanover Square Rooms.	Do.
July 2	Do. do.	Do.
July 21	Do. do.	Do.
Aug. 4	Do. do.	Do.
Nov. 10	Bath, Assembly Rooms.	Do.
Nov. 12	Bristol, Victoria Rooms, Clifton.	Do.
Nov. 14	Do. do.	Do.
Dec. 23	Reading, Town Hall.	Do.
1852.		
Feb. 11	Manchester, Free Trade Hall.	Do.
Feb. 13	Liverpool, Philharmonic Hall.	Do.
Feb. 14	Do. do.	Do.
May 10	Shrewsbury, Music Hall.	Do.
May 13	Birmingham, Town Hall.	Do.
Aug. 23	Nottingham, Mechanics' Hall.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," "Two O'clock in the Morning."
Aug. 25	Derby, Lecture Hall.	Do.
Aug. 27	Newcastle-on-Tyne, Assembly Rooms.	Do.
Aug. 28	Sunderland, Lyceum Theatre.	"Not So Bad as We Seem," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Aug. 30	Sheffield, Music Hall.	Do.
Sept. 1	Manchester, Free Trade Hall.	"Used Up," "Charles XII," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
Sept. 3	Liverpool, Philharmonic Hall.	Do.
1854.		
Jan. 6	London, Tavistock House, "Theatre Royal."	"Tom Thumb."
1855.		
Jan. 8	Do. do.	"Fortunio."
June 16	Do. do.	"The Lighthouse," "Mr. Nightingale's Diary."
June 18	Do. do.	Do.
June 19	Do. do.	Do.
July 10	London, Campden House.	"The Lighthouse."
1857.		
Jan. 5	London, Tavistock House, "Theatre Royal."	"The Frozen Deep," "Animal Magnetism."
Jan. 6	Do. do.	Do.
June 8	Do. do.	Do.
June 12	Do. do.	Do.
June 14	Do. do.	Do.
July 4	London, Gallery of Illustration.	"The Frozen Deep."
July 11	Do. do.	"The Frozen Deep," "Uncle John."
July 18	Do. do.	Do.
July 25	Do. do.	Do.
Aug. 21	Manchester, Free Trade Hall.	Do.
Aug. 22	Do. do.	Do.

"THE GOLDEN LAMB" AT LEBANON, OHIO

ON April 27th a most interesting ceremony took place at Lebanon, Ohio, when a tablet was unveiled on "The Golden Lamb," Ohio's oldest hotel. A house of entertainment has operated on the site since 1807 and at times was known as The Bradley House. The inn was rebuilt in 1815 and that structure, although added to often and extensively, remains the core of the present building. It was in 1827 that it first became known as "The Golden Lamb." Mr. Robert Jones, the present host, acquired the property in 1926, since when he has most successfully restored to it an early American atmosphere so appropriate to the traditions of the house.

Many distinguished names are to be found amongst those who visited "The Golden Lamb," among them that of Charles Dickens. It was on April 20th, 1842, that Dickens, with his wife and her maid, travelled by coach from Cincinnati en route for Columbus and at midday stopped to dine, as related in Chapter 14 of *American Notes*. Although he does not record the name of the town (the Lebanon referred to in Chapter 13 is in Illinois), the local newspaper, "The Western Star," which is still publishing to-day, stated that :

"Mr. Dickens and lady passed through this place on Wednesday on their way to Columbus and thence to the Lakes. Mr. Dickens has been travelling for weeks past very quietly in the West, visiting Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, with intermediate towns, and we have been gratified to observe the total absence of all that parade and sycophancy which characterised his reception in Eastern cities. It will give us a better opinion of ourselves even if Mr. Dickens should not think the better of us for it."

Dickens brief visit and the fact that he took dinner at what is now "The Golden Lamb" was long remembered and affirmed by residents of Lebanon ; but our traveller does not appear to have been very favourably impressed by the management of the inn at that time, as the following account from *American Notes* will show ; but in justice it must be added that the whole village was "Dry" at that time and not merely "The Golden Lamb."

"We dine soon afterwards with the boarders in the house, and have nothing to drink but tea and coffee. As they are both very bad, and the water is worse, I ask for brandy ; but it is a temperance hotel, and spirits are not to be had for love or money. This preposterous forcing of unpleasant drinks down the reluctant throats of travellers is not at all uncommon in America, but I never discovered that the scruples of such wincing landlords induced them to preserve any unusually nice balance between the quality of their fare and their scale of charges ; on the contrary, I rather suspected them of diminishing the one and exalting the other, by way of recompense for the loss of their profit on the sale of spirituous liquors. After all, perhaps, the plainest course for persons of such tender consciences would be a total abstinence from tavern keeping."

L. C. S.

SOLUTION TO DICKENS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

No. 4. Page 220 (1940 vol.)

Across.—1, Rantipole ; 5, Ragbag ; 6, Magwitch ; 7, Mend it ; 8, Apothecary ; 10, Elephant ; 11, Margin ; 13, Mudfog ; 14, Vauxhall ; 19, Playacting ; 20, Facial ; 21, Tar-water ; 22, Brandy ; 23, This apron.

Down.—1, Rampage ; 2, Negro-head ; 3, Agony ; 4, Basin (Chink's) ; 5, Rimy ; 9, Cane ; 12, Gladiator ; 15, Baby ; 16, Legiron ; 17, Cairo ; 18, Giant ; 19, Play (at the).

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES



Dickens at the Meeting at the Adelphi Theatre, 13th March, 1856

From the "Illustrated London News," 22nd March, 1856

V.

DULWICH COLLEGE

[A General Meeting of the Theatrical Profession was held in London at the Adelphi Theatre on March 13th, 1856, to take into consideration the necessity for immediately presenting a memorial to the Charity Commissioners, praying that in the proposed revision of the disposition of the funds of the munificent endowment of Alleyne's "College of God's Gift" at Dulwich, the claims of the dramatic profession might be considered and provision made for them, as proposed by Mr. Benjamin Webster, the distinguished actor and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, in a letter to "The Times." Dickens as Chairman of the meeting, opened the proceedings with the speech which is here reprinted for the first time, from the columns of "The Era."—L. C. S.]

" LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

" My part in the proceedings to-day, I apprehend will be, not so much to talk myself as to be the cause of talk, and, I trust, of action also—in others. I shall hereby endeavour to present to you as plain and just a summary as I can possibly make, of the circumstances under which we are assembled together, being as careful as I possibly can be not to trench upon the part of this day's proceedings which has been assigned to those distinguished gentlemen and ornaments of the theatrical profession by whom I have the honour to find myself surrounded.

" The ideas which most people about London associate with Dulwich College are probably of the very vaguest kind. They associate it chiefly, I dare say, with a charming gallery of interesting pictures—very fairly and laudably open to the public—which pictures are seen

with an unusual absence of glare or bustle—with pleasant gardens outside and a beautiful country, rich in all the attractions of Surrey and Kent. They have, I dare say, distinct associations with some musty old men in black gowns all bearing the name of 'Alleyne,' and an embowered college, where without blame to anyone, I dare say a snug thing or two has been transacted in the way of a good place, which we should all be very happy to get if we were only fortunate enough, and were 'Alleyne' enough to obtain it. (Cheers and laughter.) They probably have no more distinct idea of the founder of Dulwich College than that he was a rather ancient personage, who lived many years ago, and who, somehow or other, bequeathed to posterity a name which cannot fail to be hallowed throughout the country; and I make so bold to say for myself, if he had only done that for this working time, I think he would have done better service to it than is rendered by many majestic and noble personages of much loftier pretensions. But it becomes us, and the object for which we are here to-day, to look a little more closely into the history of the founder of Dulwich College, and in particular to ascertain whether he had any peculiar and close associations with the stage. His name was Edward Alleyne—and he lived in the days of a rather remarkable man, who, although he died a commoner, and never belonged to any recognised profession, did the state some service—one William Shakespeare. His mother was the wife of an actor. He was bred himself to the stage. His brother engaged in theatrical pursuits and speculations. He married the daughter of the wife of an actor, who was herself an actress. He was himself a famous actor, and a great and prosperous theatrical manager. He was the manager of The Rose and afterward of The Fortune Theatre, and he had a large share, supposed to have been purchased from Shakespeare himself, in The Blackfriars Theatre. He was also one of the two appointed Masters of the King's Games. Besides inheriting considerable property, he acquired by the actor's art and the manager's enterprise a great deal of money, retiring from the stage before he was fifty years old; and, being already lord of the manor of Dulwich, he founded there a college for the maintenance and support of one master, one warden, four fellows, six old men, six old women, and twelve boys to be educated in good literature. To this College, after its completion, he himself retired, and there, wearing its habit, and conducting himself in observance of its rules, he lived, and there he died, and there he was buried in the year, I think, 1626, when he was sixty years of age. Now, when his ashes have lain under the chapel of that institution for more than two hundred years a certain useful and much needed public body, called the Charity Commission, finds that his endowment is extremely rich, and capable of great extension—which extension they recommend to the legislature.

Hereupon uprises, true to his art, and true to his trust, another famous actor and theatrical manager of our own times, and prays—always keeping within the proposed extension—prays that one-fourth of its benefits may be extended to poor players of both sexes, and to

the children of poor players. This appeal this gentleman makes in remembrance of the stage which Edward Alleyne graced—and in remembrance of the means by which he acquired fame and fortune—in remembrance of his unvarying interest in, and kindness to, the poor actor during the whole course of his life—and in remembrance of the desire which such a man must in all reason be assumed to have had to benefit his own class among others, when he devoted his munificent spirit to the foundation of Dulwich College.

“ Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, to array against the very moderate suspicion that the founder of Dulwich College in the great act of his life did not at once give the go by to all the sympathies and associations of his whole existence, we have what the author of romance in the present day might call one diabolical anecdote and one remarkable fact. (Laughter.) Now to dispose of the diabolical anecdote; in the first place it is sufficient to mention that as the tale goes it was how that once Alleyne played the devil (laughter) and that thereupon he found upon the stage with him an original devil (increased laughter) which apparition so terrified him—as well it might—that he immediately retired from the theatre, and as an expiation for ever having belonged to it, and for the part he had played in it, founded this ‘ God’s Gift ’ at Dulwich College. (Much laughter.) Now so far as I have been able to learn, there is not the smallest reason to believe that Edward Alleyne even so much as played the devil at all, indeed I find that there is an angel’s suit amongst the list of his wardrobe; and as this story is handed down to us by an old gentleman who wrote charming stories about ghosts coming out of the wainscot who went back again with a melodious twang (laughter) perhaps under the circumstances, without disrespect to this particular devil, we might venture to dispose of him with a melodious twang of general consent. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

“ The remarkable fact is however of much greater importance. It is that in the original gift Edward Alleyne limited the benefits thereof to the inhabitants of certain parishes including his own. Now these parishes expressly include the very districts about the theatres in which the actors at that time habitually resided. Not to embarrass you with the names of persons and places and dates, it may be enough to say that the rate books of the liberty of the Clink, in Southwark, are still in existence, and we find on them the names of no less than ten thoroughly well-known actors who were rated to the relief of the poor—two of the highest being Edward Alleyne himself and William Shakespeare. Surely we could hardly have a more striking corroboration of the intention that must have been in the mind of such a man than the express naming of the districts in which these parties lived. Add to this, that the very first successor of Edward Alleyne as the master of Dulwich College was himself an actor; and there is strong reason to believe—I say believe, because the spelling of the age often renders the specific identification of names rather difficult—there is strong reason to believe that two of the original officers of that charity were also actors. Add to this also that at that very period of his life,

long after his retirement from the stage, and his retirement to Dulwich. Edward Alleyn never forgot the actor, or was forgetting to the actor, or ceased to be remembered for his time as an actor, for we find on one occasion, a couple of years after he had left Dulwich College, he brought a gift to an religious play of 1595 of a flower. This actor writes to him in this style: 'I commend my love and humble duty to you, giving you thanks for your good love, having bestowed upon me, but not long, when I was in great want. God bless you for it.' Lord Bacon writes of the College and of the founder—the actor—I like well that Alleyn played out the last act of his life as well.' Alleyn himself writes to the former president of that ground on which the College now stands, and in which he takes now repose, the following words, in answer to a request, sent to a short time after his death and, that he belonged to his old profession—'That I was a player I cannot deny, and I am sure I will not. He means of being more longer, and with the year continues afterwards, that I should say I was able to do something for myself, my children, and my friends. Many of them living at the day do not refuse to join what they give me. Therefore I am not ashamed.'

Now, ladies and gentlemen, it would surely be a generous friend to the writer of these public words, and a great injury to the memory of the possessor of so noble a name, to suppose him capable of having secretly done the better by which he had risen, and so setting us down against the road by which he had come. I cannot see, either, that we all together have not an instance of one man of honest will, courage and self-composure, ever guilty of so base an action. Knowledge almost divine there was. The collector of my friend Mr. Payne Collier, shows how true is his belief in his lord, and it is easy, even in his collected life at Dulwich, to meet under pleasant feelings, in his last thoughts the old path, and those delightful feelings of his mind towards the old associations. When he goes up on an occasional visit from Dulwich to London, he delights to dine at the characteristic restaurants, and to surround himself with the old familiar theatrical faces. He has a Twelfth Night scene at Dulwich now, and the scene with a play before the good old play. Last in the production is *Hamlet*, and he enthusiastically applies himself to being at Dulwich, to his satisfaction. One of the old paths, opened out by the theatrical career, is found running his paper eyes about he is used. Everything in and about him returns to the truth and reality of his simple but so noble position, which I describe at the house, around me that last night, when I was pressing my memory with a recollection of his good life. I found I had my memory drawn about him, and I find it again his having stipulated that the fellows of his college should be single men (laughter). This appeared to me unaccountable. I never thought I was there, however, the situation was to press him, and to compare that to that miserable selfishness, inasmuch as he had a will of his own, to which he was tenderly attached, and when he was surrounded in address by the pulsing spirit of 'Woe,' brought and when the grizzly cat who is our common foe, despatched her, to

provided himself with another 'Mouse,' with all convenient speed. (Roars of laughter.)

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it will be most conducive to the order and effect of our proceedings that you should hear from the lips which have best right to relate it to you, what encouraging communication on this matter has been had with the Charity Commissioners. Therefore venturing to express my great admiration of the man who has an honest respect for his calling, and a generous and disinterested sympathy with the profession of his art, and who moreover does the great public service—by no means an unimportant one in these times—of endeavouring to restore anything to its plain, original, truthful position, I beg to commend to your attention Mr. Benjamin Webster."



"NOW, MR. TAPLEY!"*

MARK TAPLEY, one of the lesser characters in Charles Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*, has a special meaning for these times. Mark, who accompanied Martin on his voyage to the United States as a servant, was a genial young fellow whose great ambition was to find some circumstance so disheartening that he could really take credit in being "jolly" and in "coming out strong"! Anyone could be jolly with things coming his way; so Mark preferred the going rough—the rougher the better.

This hearty character seems to typify the British capacity for welcoming the darkest hour as merely an extra challenge to "come out strong" to show a cheery and undaunted face to evil circumstances of every sort, in calm confidence of their ultimate extinction. Certainly this portrayal of sturdy good humour and kindness expresses the finest qualities of the British people in their present period of trial. For Mark Tapley's jolliness was more than good spirits; wherever he found trouble, he rolled back his wristbands and waded into it scattering it as he cared for the sick and helpless, roused the discouraged and befriended the lonely.

Were Mark in Britain now, he might conceivably feel as he did in the swampy American wilderness to which he and young Martin had been lured by a sharp land agent, and where now he and Martin faced an extreme crisis. "'Now, Mr. Tapley,' said Mark to himself with a tremendous blow in the chest by way of reviver, 'just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they *can* look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And, therefore, Tapley, now's your time to come out strong.'"

Dickens recorded in fiction the homely and noble British virtues as he found them. His times have gone, but Mark Tapleys are still there, one gathers, ready to "come out strong!"

* "Christian Science Monitor" (Leader), Boston, U.S.A., July 24th, 1910.

SOME PLACES IN *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

MR. NICKLEBY made the best of his way to the Strand, and . . . stopped at a private door about half-way down that crowded thoroughfare.

A miniature-painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street door, in which were displayed, upon a black velvet ground, two portraits of naval dress coats with faces looking out of them, and telescopes attached ; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform, flourishing a sabre ; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain. There was, moreover, a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest, and a charming whole length of a large-headed little boy, sitting on a stool with his legs fore-shortened to the size of salt-spoons.

* * * * *

Mr. Crummles lived in St. Thomas's Street, at the house of one Bulph, a pilot, who sported a boat-green door, with window frames of the same colour, and had the little figure of a drowned man on his parlour mantel-shelf, with other maritime and natural curiosities. He displayed also a brass knocker, a brass plate, and a brass bell-handle, all very bright and shining ; and had a mast, with a vane on the top of it, in his back yard.

* * * * *

They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl ; and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore ; and the blood of the murdered man had run down, drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name. "The Devil's Bowl," thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, "never held fitter liquor than that !"

* * * * *

In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a bygone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall, meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke ; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath.

* * * * *

The square in which the counting-house of the Brothers Cheeryble was situated . . . was a sufficiently desirable nook in the heart of a busy town like London . . . It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemplation, and appointments of long waiting ; and up and down its every side the appointed saunters idly by the hour together, wakening the echoes with the monotonous sound of his footsteps on the smooth worn stones, and counting, first the windows, and then the very bricks of the tall silent houses that hem him round about. . . . It is so quiet that you can almost hear the ticking of your own watch when you stop to cool in its refreshing atmosphere. There is a distant hum—of coaches, not of insects—but no other sound disturbs the stillness of the square.

A DICKENS DIARY

[Dickens's diary for 1838 is the earliest and the longest of the four preserved in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The original entries, marked with an asterisk, have been supplemented by others based on actual fact, authenticated by Dickens's own letters, Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Macready's Diaries, and other contemporary sources.—THE EDITOR.]

MONDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1838.*

A sad New Year's Day in one respect, for at the opening of last year poor Mary was with us. Very many things to be grateful for since then, however. Increased reputation and means—good health and prospects. We never know the full value of blessings till we lose them (we were not ignorant of this one when we had it, I hope). But if she were with us now, the same winning, happy, amiable companion, sympathising with all my thoughts and feelings more than anyone I knew ever did or will, I think I should have nothing to wish for, but a continuance of such happiness. But she is gone, and pray God I may one day, through his mercy, rejoin her.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1838.*

I wrote to Mrs. Hogarth yesterday, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded me by her sending, as a New Year's token, a pen-wiper of poor Mary's, imploring her, as strongly as I could, to think of the many remaining claims upon her affection and exertions, and not to give way to unavailing grief. Her answer came to-night, and she seems hurt at my doing so—protesting that in all useful respects she is the same as ever. Meant it for the best, and still hope I did right.

With Ainsworth all day, at Macrone's place of business, afterwards to the ruins of the fire in the Borough, thence to the top of St. Saviour's Church; back to his club to dinner, and afterwards to Covent Garden, where we met Browning. Ainsworth has a fine heart.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1838.*

At home and working at the Memoirs of Grimaldi all day.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1838.*

Ditto.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1838.*

Ditto, and finished, except my introduction and conclusion.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1838.*

Our boy's birthday—one year old. A few people at night—only Forster, the De Gex's, John Ross, Mitton, and the Beards, besides our families—to twelfth-cake and forfeits.

This day last year, Mary and I wandered up and down Holborn and the streets about for hours, looking for a little table for Kate's bedroom, which we bought at last at the very first broker's which we had looked in to, and which we had passed half-a-dozen times because I didn't like to ask the price. I took her out to Brompton at night, as we had no place for her to sleep in (the two mothers being with us); she came back again next day to keep house for me, and stopped nearly the

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

rest of the month. I shall never be so happy again as in those chambers three storeys high—never if I roll in wealth and fame. I would hire them to keep empty, if I could afford it.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1838.*

Johns dined with us, and John Ross. A very quiet day. I walked with the former round the Regent's Park in the morning when we met Talfourd on horseback, to whose house I had been invited to hear the reading of his new play, as yet a dead secret. Very pressing for me to be there, to wait till 9 on the chance. No go.

MONDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1838.*

I began the Sketches of Young Gentlemen to-day. One hundred and twenty-five pounds for such a little book, without my name to it, is pretty well. This and the Sunday by-the-bye, are the only two things I have not done as Boz.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1838.*

Went to the Sun office to insure my life, where the Board seemed disposed to think I work too much. Made Forster and Pickthorn my Doctor, the references—and after an interesting interview with the Board and the Board's Doctor, came away to work again.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1838.*

At work all day, and to a quadrille party at night. City people and rather dull. Intensely cold coming home, and vague reports of a fire somewhere. Frederick says the Royal Exchange, at which I sneer most sagely; for—

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1838.*

To day the papers are full of it, and it *was* the Royal Exchange, Lloyds, and all the shops round the building. Called on Browne and went with him to see the ruins, of which we saw as much as we should have done if we had stopped at home. I wanted to have found somebody to walk with me in the snow to Hampstead Heath, and have a chop at the Castle, but not finding anybody disposed for the pilgrimage went into the city as aforesaid and came home to dinner. Father here then and Mitton in the evening, so no work done to-day.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12TH, 1838.*

At work all day, with the exception of a two hours and a half with Kate in Oxford Street, Regent Street, and so forth.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1838.*

2 to 5. Work.

Browne to dinner, and to bed by a little after 12.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1838.*

To church in the morning, and when I came home I wrote the preceding portion of this diary, which henceforth I make a steadfast resolution not to neglect, or *paint*. I have not done it yet, nor will I:

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

but say what rises to my lips—my mental lips at least—without reserve. No other eyes will see it, while mine are open in life, and although I daresay I shall be ashamed of a good deal in it, I should like to look over it at the year's end.

In Scott's diary, which I have been looking at this morning, there are thoughts which have been mine by day and by night, in good spirits and bad, since Mary died.

"Another day, and a bright one to the external world again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not . . . (she) who will be laid among the ruins. . . . She is sentient and conscious of my emotions *somewhere*—where, we cannot tell, how, we cannot tell; yet would I not this moment renounce the mysterious, yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me.

"I have seen her. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic; but that yellow masque with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can't be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look upon it again."

I know but too well how true all this is.

I dined at Talfourd's to-day, with no very pleasant party (excepting Meadows the actor who is a very agreeable man). Most astonished to hear that Macready expresses doubts of his new play, in no very pleasant manner, writing to the Sergeant to wait upon him, and merely saying "This is not Ion" without a word of thanks for his labour, I am to hear it read to-morrow night.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1838.*

Here ends this brief attempt at a diary. I grow sad over this check-off of days, and can't do it. C. D.†

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1838.

King Lear at Covent Garden. Macready most brilliant and most successful. He has restored to the stage Shakespeare's true Lear, banished from it by impudent ignorance, for upwards of a hundred and fifty years. Miss Horton's Fool as exquisite a performance as the stage has ever boasted.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1838.

Dine with Jerdan to celebrate twenty-first birthday of his Literary Gazette.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1838.

With Browne to Yorkshire to see some of the schools there. Grantham, shortly after nine; the George the very best inn I ever put up at. . . . Queer old lady, outside all day, showed me a letter from the father of a boy at her school in Yorkshire, containing a severe lecture, accompanied by many texts from Scripture, because of his refusing to eat boiled meat; very communicative; drank heavily; left her insensible.

† The Diary was resumed on February 2nd, and on several later dates: all such original entries are marked with an asterisk.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1838.

Up at seven ; Glasgow mail for Greta Bridge ; fares six pounds for the two inside places ; delicious lady's maid for twenty miles always expecting a carriage to meet her ; found only a dirty girl instead. Arrived at the inn here about eleven ; bare place alone in the midst of dreary moor. Comfortable room ; blazing fire ; smoking supper ; mulled port.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1838.

Breakfast, toast, cakes, Yorkshire pie, beef about size of a port-manteau ; ham ; eggs. Took walk to look about us ; Barnard Castle only about four miles off.

I have dreamt the same dream of Mary ever since I have been away. I should be sorry to lose such visions, as they are happy ones. Saw Smithson's friend Barnes to whom Browne carried letter of introduction (my name not disclosed) as desirous of placing a boy of a widowed friend of his, in a Yorkshire school. A jovial ruddy faced old fellow ; through him visited two schools to-day.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1838.*

Shaw the schoolmaster we saw to-day is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since, from gross neglect. The case was tried and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and 1826. Look this out in the newspapers.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1838.

Saw a gravestone in the churchyard yesterday of a boy at one of these schools who had died at the age of 18. Couldn't get it out of my mind all last night, specially after Barnes came to see us at the inn and beg me not to let the widow send her son to these parts, not "while there's a house to hoold 'im 'a Lunnon, or a gotter to lie asleep in" he said. At Darlington Station, waiting for train to York, read in the local paper a wholly misinformed account of my earnings ; and promptly wrote to correct it.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1838.

York Minster ; lovely window—Five Sisters of York. Story. My long appreciation of Macready in King Lear appeared to-day in The Examiner. A triumph for the stage, in an assertion of its highest uses.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1838.

Home, and commenced at once on Nickleby ; wrote four slips before bed-time—and what is more, I can go on.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1838.

First chapter of Nicholas done ; it took time, but answers the purpose as well as it could I think.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1838.

Thinking about Barnaby all night ; must suggest to Bentley the

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

better way would be for it to appear in the Miscellany before it came out in three volumes. Impossible to write it otherwise. The conduct of three stories at the same time would be beyond Scott himself.

Book for Mrs. Macrone ; Ainsworth and Cruikshank promise. Qy. others.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1838.

With Kate, and that dreadful girl, and Mitton, to see Bulwer's Lady of Lyons in a box at C. G.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1838.

Done 20 slips of Nickleby.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1838.

Riding with Forster at 1.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1838.

Full of Blue Devils to-day. But thank God first chapter of Nickleby is ready. I mean (God willing) to begin in earnest to-morrow night ; the sooner C. & H. print, the faster I shall get on.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1838.

Dine with Bulwer.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1838.

Kept at home ; Fanny ill ; mother and nurse gone to her. Kate quite well. Forster to dinner $\frac{1}{2}$ past five. "Such accidents are inevitable in all well regulated Kenwigsian families."

SATURDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1838.

Beard to dinner.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1838.

Kate very ill ; called Pickthorn.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1838.

Kate no better ; violently ill by 8 this morning. Please God, all is now over ; a lovely baby girl.† Now for a long ride with Forster.

Can do nothing this morning ; Rode with Forster fifteen miles on the Great North Road ; dined at Red Lion, Barnet ; brought both hacks home dead lame.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1838.

The cold or the mulled wine—or the driving made me ill ; couldn't write a line until after three o'clock.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1838.

Thought about Oliver until dinner ; then sat with Kate, and afterwards did eight slips.

† Christened Mary Angela, but always known as Mamie. Died 1896.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1838.

Seven more slips this morning. Cruikshank. Forster to dinner.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1838.*

Mr. Pickering 14 High Street Camden Town.

MONDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1838.*

See Cruikshank. Dine with Forster. Afterwards to see Coriolanus. Met Bulwer, Jerdan and Blanchard in Macready's room.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1838.

No going out to-day—too uninviting. Sat patiently at home waiting for Oliver, who has not arrived.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1838.*

Literary Fund Club at half past five. Invited Blanchard to dine their [*sic*] with me.

MONDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1838.

Not a line of Nickleby till three o'clock: only five slips to finish number two, and don't know what to put in them.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1838.

To Richmond; Star and Garter. As with Pickwick, so with Nickleby; always out of town on first publishing day. Kate remarkably well considering.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1838.

1700 Grimaldis have been already sold and the demand increases daily !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1838.

Shakespeare at 8. Forster. Ride back at midnight. Nickleby out; nearly fifty-thousand already sold, I hear.

MONDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1838.

Forster's birthday and our wedding anniversary; a splendid evening. Must renew these celebrations annually; and always at the Star and Garter.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1838.

At C.G. Great reception for Macready in "The Two Foscari." Afterwards in his room where met Forster, Procter, Browning, Talfourd and Jerdan.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1838.*

Seven o'clock in the evening Forster, Browne—perhaps Cruikshank to Greenwich.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1838.*

Mitton dinner at the Albion. Six for half past precisely.

MONDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1838.

Rehearsal Athenian Captive. Called with Forster, and heard Macready's proposal for omission of two scenes, which will certainly improve the play.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1838.

Saw Macready play Coriolanus. After the theatre discussed with him and Forster further improvements to Talfourd's play.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1838.

A pretty kettle of fish at C.G. After Talfourd had agreed to the engagement of Helen Faucit for part of Ismene, Mrs. T. has written Macready what he calls an offensive letter refusing her the part. Forster much annoyed at Talfourd's pettiness and weakness.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1838.

Macready to dinner; also Procter, Ainsworth, Forster and Bell, the editor of the True Sun.

THURSDAY, MAY 3RD, 1838.

Eleven slips before half-past 12. Four more to close chapter.

TUESDAY, MAY 8TH, 1838.

Out with Kate and Forster; called at theatre and asked Macready to dine en famille that evening, which he did, much to our pleasure.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH, 1838.

At Forster's. Macready called, also Blanchard and Cruikshank.

THURSDAY, MAY 10TH, 1838.*

At 3. Meeting of Stewards at Freemasons Tavern for the Artists Benevolent Fund.

TUESDAY, MAY 22ND, 1838.

Kate in morning to Twickenham† to see cottage. Forster and I follow half-past twelve.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23RD, 1838.

Macready capital in "Woman's Wit"; in green-room afterwards with Forster, where met Bulwer, Lover, Beazley.

TUESDAY, MAY 29TH, 1838.

Dined with Macready at Forster's; felt disgusted with Talfourd's meanness and pettiness over the Captive.

* Entres marked thus are those of the original diary.

† 4, Ailsa Park Villas, Isleworth Road, St. Margarets.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1ST, 1838.

Sixteenth slip yesterday : must get to thirtieth to-night, and then for Twickenham. Wrote short Preface to third volume Miscellany.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1838.

Forster, Maclise, Jerrold, Thackeray ; a merry party. Talfourd.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13TH, 1838.

To Doughty Street for books for Beard to read. Then to Edgware Road to fetch him to Twickenham for recuperation.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1838.

Fanny and Burnett to stay a few days.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1838.

Balloon Club great success, not only with Snodgering Blee and Popen Jee, but with Beard, Burnett as well.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1838.

A busy week, Nickleby and proof correcting.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1838.

Another interesting meeting of the Gammou Balloon Society : sent letter of censure to Forster for non-attendance.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1838.

Macready's wedding anniversary. Went with Forster and Kate to Elstree. Mr. and Mrs. Haynes Bayley also guests. Very happy day ; God bless them both. Played with Balloons before dinner.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1838.

Done Mr. Bolton.*

FRIDAY, JULY 6TH, 1838.

Elected to Athenæum.

SATURDAY, JULY 7TH, 1838.*

Finished Oliver for the Month, at half past eleven.

TUESDAY, JULY 10TH, 1838.*

Began Nickleby Number 5.

THURSDAY, JULY 12TH, 1838.*

Bentley and Hullah to come down early and sleep here.

SUNDAY, JULY 15TH, 1838.

Fanny, Letitia, both husbands. Mrs. Hogarth.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

* " Mr. Robert Bolton, the Gentleman connected with the press," appeared in " Bentley's Miscellany," August, 1838.

MONDAY, JULY 16TH, 1838.*

Doughty Street from 12 to 1. German Gentleman if the latter does not call, memorandum that I have appointed to call on him at half past four.

Life Insurance 2.

Treasury 2.

To call for Miss Beard at 10 minutes to 7.

TUESDAY, JULY 17TH, 1838.

Made Will; sent rough draft to Mitton; Pray God, may he be gray and Forster bald long before they are called upon to act as executors.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18TH, 1838.*

Evening party at Thomson's.

THURSDAY, JULY 19TH, 1838.

Water Party.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1838.

A delightful letter from my old Chatham schoolmaster Mr. Giles. Have sent him my own copies of all the books I have written, except Oliver which must follow when completed.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3RD, 1838.

Forster 7 to half past.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4TH, 1838.

At C.G. theatre; afterwards saw Macready in his room. Forster, Browning, Horne also came.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7TH, 1838.

This completes two days' hard work. Nancy is no more. Read to Kate last night what I had done and she was in an unspeakable state, from which I augur well.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1838.

Cruikshank's drawing of Sikes's escape won't do; must talk it over with him.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14TH, 1838.

A deal bothered, C. and H. not having sent the plates. Can't finish without them. Hard at it all to-day and yesterday; finished final chapter of Mudfog Association.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1838.

The Jew is such an out and outer that I don't know what to make of him. Can't ride with Forster to-morrow; as Kate is out he must come here for a "bit o' talk" and a bit o' summat else; then I'll write the last chapter of Oliver.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1838.

Signed agreement with Bentley to relinquish editorship on 31st January next. I am greatly relieved, but worried over Barnaby.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 31ST, 1838.

To pay Pickthorn £10 on account. Qy. balance next month end.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1838.

Had Macready's box, with Forster, to see him as Prospero. He well deserved the many calls that were demanded at the end. I have never seen him act better.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1838.

To Forster's at seven; take "Bertrand" if ready.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22ND, 1838.

So occupied all the month that many letters have been unopened. Cleared them all off to-day with many apologies.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1838.

Looking forward to a fortnight's holiday with Browne. Wales. A good month's work.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27TH, 1838.

To Hatfield with Browne.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29TH, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Hatfield expenses on Saturday	1	12	0
Fares to Leamington 17/- each	1	14	0
Coach to Stage-Coach office		2	6
Coachman, guard, and porter		14	0
Lunches		6	0

Started from Coach office near Hungerford Street, with Browne—agreeable ride, but cold—Leamington, Copps's Hotel—Excellent Inn.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Leamington	2	19	0
Books of Kenilworth Castle, and Visit		6	0
Expenses at Warwick Castle		6	6
Turnpikes		1	6
Horses and postboy	1	13	0

Away to Kenilworth—delightful—beautiful beyond expression—Mem: what a Summer resort!—three months—lie about the ruins—books—thinking—seriously turn this over for next year.

Stratford—Shakespeare—the birthplace, visitors, scribblers, old woman—Qy. whether she knows what Shakespeare did, etc.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

Monday, OCTOBER 29, 1838.

892nd day.

Hare hunting begins.

Hatfield expenses on Saturday - 1. 12. 0.
 Fares to Leamington 17/- each - 1. 14. 0.
 Coach to Strig. coach office - 2. 6.
 Coachman's guard, and porter - 14.-
 Luncheon - 6.-

Started from coach office near Hingwood
 street with Dinwiddie - agreeable ride, but
 cold - Leamington, Coffe's Hotel - excellent
 luncheon.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 30, 1838.

303rd day.

Dile at Leamington - 2. 19. 0.
 Docks of Kenilworth Castle, and visit - 6.-
 Expenses at Warwick Castle - 6. 6.
 Turnpikes - 1. 6.
 Horses and post boy - 1. 13. 0.

away to Kenilworth - delightful - kitchen
 beyond expression - men: what a famous
 resort! - three months - lie about the
 ruins - books - hunting - knowing how
 this one for next year.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31ST, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Stratford	2	10	0
Fares and Coach to Birmingham		12	0
Mulled wine at Birmingham		4	0
2 Porters		2	0
Fares to Shrewsbury	1	16	0
Lunch		2	0
Coachman		5	0
Theatre		4	0

Journey to Shrewsbury. Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Factory Road. White Lion—henbane. Theatre.

Love chase. Ballet Jamie of Aberdeen. Roland for an Oliver.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Shrewsbury	1	14	0
Hostler		1	0
Horses and boy—first stage	1	12	6
Turnpikes		4	6
Lunch		2	6
Horses and boy—second stage	1	2	0
Guide up the mountain		1	0

Post to Llangollen—pass 2 aqueducts—beautiful road between the mountains—old Abbey at top of mountains. Denis Brien or Rook's Castle. Hand Hotel—Mrs. Phillips—Good.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Llangollen	1	10	0
Harper		1	6
Porter		1	0
Posting Boy (1st Stage)		18	6
do. (2nd)		19	6
Boy		4	6
Posting (3rd)	1	2	6
Boy		5	0
Hostler		2	0
Turnpikes		7	6
Harper		2	0

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Posting (to Bangor)	1	1	0
Bill at Capel Currig	1	10	0
Driver		4	0
Turnpikes		3	0
Hostler		1	0
Posting (to Conway)	1	1	0

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

	£	s.	d.
Boy		5	0
Turnpikes		3	0
Hostler		1	0
Posting (2nd stage)		18	0
Boy		4	0
Gates		4	0
Hostler		1	0
Posting, Dinner and Gates	1	0	0
Boy		4	0
Posting		15	0
Boy		4	0
Hostler		1	0
Gates		3	0
Brandy and Water		1	0
Posting (to Chester) and Gates	1	11	6
Boy		6	6

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Chester	3	18	0
Fares to Birkenhead		5	0
Coachman		2	0
Porters		4	0

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
3 Fares to Manchester, 3 times	2	14	0
Hackney Coach		2	6
Bill at the Adelphi	4	10	9
Hackney coach again		8	6

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1838.*

	£	s.	d.
Chaise to Cheadle	1	1	0
Hackney coach, etc.		10	0
Bill at Inn	4	0	0
Boots 3/- Porter 2/-		5	0
Fares to London	7	13	0
Breakfasts		7	6

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1838.

Forster called on Macready to-day and put forward my proposal to dramatise Oliver for him. Is impressed, but wants to read the whole book slap through before deciding. Accordingly sent the three volumes by messenger.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1838.

Three volumes Oliver Twist delivered; much bothered over the last pictures now seen for first time. The last of all, Rose and Oliver.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

will not do ; must get Cruikshank to design another at once ; write him tactfully.

Sent Oliver to Talfourd, before binding in red like Pickwick, so that he may lose no time in reading it in full.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1838.

Called on Macready at the theatre with Forster. He does not think Oliver at all suitable for dramatic purposes ; suggests I write a farce ; told him of the Lamplighter of which I have two acts ready ; to read it to him when completed.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1838.

George's new picture admirable ; he is to call to-morrow before 12. If not, I go to him $\frac{1}{2}$ past one.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1838.

Forster at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. Wrote him can't go to-night ; must finish the second chapter.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1838.

Yates's Nickleby at the Adelphi is capital, specially the boys and the way they are dressed ; all tableaux from Browne's sketches excellent ; ditto the Smike of Mrs. Keeley ; but much sentimental rubbish put into his mouth by Stirling the adapter. Keeley's glorious Mantalini is beyond all praise.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1838.

Writing incessantly all day ; before I go to Forster's must get the subject of last chapter, which *must* be finished to-night.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1838.

Think of dramatising Oliver Twist. Keeley an excellent Fagin ; must sound him on the subject.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1838.

Elliottson at 3 with Cruikshank, for some experiments on Okey.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1ST, 1838.

Tom Hill to dinner $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3RD, 1838.

With Forster to Surrey Theatre to see a version of Oliver Twist. So atrocious that I lay on the floor of the box from middle of the first scene until the act-drop fell. What can be done with such dastardly murderers ?

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5TH, 1838.

Read Lamplighter to Macready in his room at C.G. ; and read it well, too ; he is impressed but wants Bartley to hear it.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10TH, 1838.*

To Greenwich with Browne—Dined here. To Macready in the evening, about the farce.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1838.*

Dine with the Antiquaries Club with Cruikshank.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12TH, 1838.*

Take the Chair at the Literary Fund Club.

In the C. G. Theatre afterwards. Encountered Cattermole and supped with him at the Turk's Head.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1838.*

1st meeting of the Trio Club—Ainsworth, Forster and myself the only members—at Forster's at five o'clock.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1838.

Have stopped Macready putting Lamplighter into rehearsal. He has no real faith in it and does it to please me, good fellow that he is; whereas my sole desire was to help him!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1838.*

Rehearsal of the Pantomime at Covent Garden.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1838.*

Forster. Cerberus Club 5.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1838.*

Dr. Elliotson—Dinner— $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1838.*

Mr. Malkin between eleven and one.

To Ainsworth's—Dinner—six o'clock sharp.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1838.*

Talfourd's—Dinner.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1838.*

At home—Forster Ainsworth—Mem. George.

TWO CORRECTIONS

THE Editor has to thank several readers for pointing out an error in the answers to "What Do You Know of Dickens" printed on page 208 of the last number. That to No. 12 should have been Mary Graham, as it was she, and not Ruth Pinch, who became Mrs. Martin Chuzzlewit. It is most gratifying to find that readers follow these question papers so closely. Contributions on similar lines are invited from readers. In the Dickens Diary printed on page 231, the last date should be December 22nd and not 24th. A reader is thanked for pointing this out.

* Entries marked thus are those of the original diary.

SIM TAPPERTIT

BY JOHN TUSSAUD

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY THE ARTIST'S KIND PERMISSION



SIM, as he was called in the locksmith's family, or Mr. Simon Tappertit, as he called himself, and required all men to style him out of doors, on holidays, and Sundays out—was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed, he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process which he termed "eyeing her over"; but it must be added that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive.

MISS MIGGS

BY JOHN TUSSAUD

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY THE ARTIST'S KIND PERMISSION



MIGGS was a tall young lady, very much addicted to pattens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her most) she was accustomed to wish with great emphasis that the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; nay, her feeling for her order ran so high that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair round number—say ten thousand—of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past all expression.

A LETTER FOR P. TOOTS ESQUIRE

MISS MARIA FORSTER was a cousin of Dickens's biographer; she was the author of a book of Poems published in 1862 under the anonymity of La Duchesse, and she sent a copy of it to Dickens with the following humorous note :

Miss Maria Forster presents her compliments to Mr. Toots and trusts he will pardon her availing herself of his great intimacy with Mr. Charles Dickens to procure the admission of the accompanying little volume into that gentleman's establishment. Certain uneasy and disparaging conditions compel Miss M. Forster to trespass still further upon Mr. Toots' kindness. Will he undertake to enforce that the book shall remain—unopened ?

" Charles Dickens " has all unknown to himself sat under so many pleasant summer trees and by so many genial Christmas fires with Maria Forster that she has a strange longing for something of hers to belong to him albeit of very little value.

If Mr. Toots does not succeed—" it's of no consequence at all." Miss M.F. concludes by hoping that Mr. Toots continues to enjoy the excellent health he invariably appears to do whenever she has the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance.

P. Toots, Esq.,

Care of Charles Dickens, Esq.

Dickens immediately entered into the spirit of the game and forwarded the following characteristic reply :

Gadshill Place,

Higham by Rochester,

Kent,

October 14th [1862].

Mr. Toots presents his compliments to the Duke of Wellington. He means Miss Maria Forster, but it's of no consequence and begs to assure her that he has at last executed her commission and laid the volume unopened upon the table of Mr. Charles Dickens. But that gentleman having insisted upon opening the same and reading it desires Mr. Toots to say that he thanks Miss Maria Forster cordially and to add these words " that he finds it very far above and beyond ordinary books of verse—both in genuine beauty and tenderness of thought and in genuine power of expression—that some of the pieces have interested him unusually and that he feels proud of the sympathy and remembrance of the fair authoress."

Mr. Toots really believes him to be in earnest tho' how much he may be influenced you know by certain lines in which the name of " Tiny Tim " occurs, I leave you to judge.

Mr. Toots is happy to inform Miss Maria Wellington—at least the Duke of Forster—or the Duchess of Collections—it doesn't signify—that he never was better in his life.

Charles Dickens.

Miss Maria Forster.



CHEER UP, OLD MAWTHER!

BY OLIVER D. SAVAGE

EXCEPTING those who were reared in East Anglia, most of the millions who have read *David Copperfield* must have wondered what Mr. Peggotty meant when he called Mrs. Gummidge a "mawther." He did this on two occasions. In Chapter III we read, "Cheer up, old Mawther!" and this is followed by the phrase in parenthesis, "Mr. Peggotty meant old girl." Again, in Chapter XXXI we find, "Cheer up, my pritty mawther!"

These notes on this old dialect word were prompted by finding it in the works of Robert Bloomfield, the Suffolk Poet (1766-1823). He was born of humble parents at Honiton and acquired a reputation chiefly through his poem entitled "The Farmer's Boy," which was published, with woodcuts by Bewick, in 1800. (It is also worth mentioning that he wrote a poem entitled "Shooter's Hill," in which he refers to Severndroog Castle, and devotes a stanza to it. See "Lady James's Folly," *The Dickensian*, Autumn, 1940.)

In "Richard and Kate: or Fair-Day, a Suffolk Ballad," Bloomfield writes:

When once a giggling Mawther you,
And I a red-fac'd chubby Boy,
Sly tricks you play'd me not a few;
For mischief was your greatest joy.

A reference to this word can be found, appropriately enough, among the writings of that remarkable Norwich worthy, Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), the physician-author known to fame for his "Religio Medici" and "Urn-Burial." In his "Tract VIII, of Languages, and particularly of the Saxon Tongue," we find this passage:

"It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in England, but of common use in Norfolk, or peculiar to the East-Angle counties; as Bawnd, Bunny, Thurck, Enimis, Matchly, Sammodithee, Mawther, Kedge, Seele, Straft, Clever, Dere, Nicked, Stingy, Noneare, Feft, Thepes, Gosgood, Kamp, Sibrit, Fangast, Sap, Cothish, Thokish, Bide-owe, Paxwax."

In a yet remoter time, the word "mawther" was used by our "rare Ben Jonson." A reliable edition of his works contains this passage in "The Alchemist" (Act IV, Scene 7): "You talk like a foolish mawther." (Some editions, I find, have "mouter." Perhaps the editors, unfamiliar with "mawther" thought it a misprint, and "corrected" it to "mouter.")

Enough has been given to indicate that a mawther is a young girl; but some gleanings from "Notes and Queries" are added for their specially Dickensian interest.

The first title-page of that useful journal (1849) read as follows: "Notes and Queries, A Medium of Inter-Communication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquarians, Genealogists, etc. When found, make a

note of—Captain Cuttle.” And the foreword on page one of Number One included these passages :

“ ‘ When found, make a note of,’ is a most admirable rule ; and if the excellent Captain had never uttered another word, he might have passed for a profound philosopher. It is a rule which should shine in gilt letters on the gingerbread of youth, and the spectacle-case of age.” And the final sentence runs : “ To our readers therefore who are seeking for Truth, we repeat ‘ When found, make a NOTE of,’ and we must add, till then make a QUERY.”

Considering that in 1849 *Dombey and Son* had been completed for less than two years the above quotation from it, used and commented upon in this way provides striking evidence of the strong and immediate impression made by Dickens's works upon their times.

In the same journal for August 31st, 1850, a letter appeared from one “ Icenus ” referring to the “ introduction in Mr. Dickens' new work of words peculiar to Norfolk and Suffolk.” The correspondent goes on to explain that a mawther is a girl, a wench.

Later in the same volume E.S.T., in a letter, states that a mawther is a girl just grown up, or approaching womanhood.

Again, in 1872, letters about this word are found in “ Notes and Queries.” One “ Cornub ” says that mawther is a homely name for a young girl ; and another correspondent states that the word is pure Icelandic.

To any other readers than those of this magazine it might seem tedious to pursue this subject any further ; but my last reference may be welcomed as a reminder of the many “ little mothers ” in the novels of Dickens. The following appeared in “ Notes and Queries ” for April 27th, 1872, over the name C. Chattock :

“ I think that this term as applied to young girls in the Eastern Counties may have originated in the following way. It is well known that among working people, mothers who have children fast take the earliest opportunity of delegating their powers for the day to avoid being teased in domestic affairs, or to allow time for work in the fields, of which they are glad to avail themselves to increase the weekly wages. On assuming this new character, the eldest girls might have had this term applied to them by companions more free from domestic affairs. It seems but a drawling way of pronouncing mother, and such as they would use it in, that is, ironically, and in imitation of the young children.”

I learned from enquiries in Blundeston a few years ago that the word “ mawther ” is still used by the older folk in East Anglian countryside.

SOLUTION TO DICKENS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

No. 5, Pages 234-5 (1940 vol),

Across.—1, *Pickwick Papers* ; 5, *Smithers* ; 7, *Smiggers* ; 9, *Dismal* ; 10, *Beware* ; 11, *Smauker* ; 12, *Minerva* ; 15, *Bantam* ; 16, *Boz* ; 17, *Raddle* ; 22, *Trumidle* ; 23, *Brixton* ; 25, *Harris* ; 27, *Cobham* ; 29, *Tom Roker* ; 30, *Town Arms* ; 31, *Charles Dickens*.
Down.—2, *Clubber* ; 3, *Jinks* ; 4, *Isabella* ; 5, *Sanders* ; 6, *Slumkey* ; 7, *Skimpin* ; 8, *Emma* ; 11, *Smart* ; 13, *Allen* ; 14, *Job* ; 18, *Highgate* ; 19, *Slammer* ; 20, *Cricket* ; 21, *Cummins* ; 24, *Mallard* ; 26, *Room* ; 28, *Henry*.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

AMERICAN SOCIETY

"Dickens was greatly depressed by a point of view which not only left no time for normal recreation, but gave a businesslike efficiency to activity outside the counting-house as well as within it. Among the people he encountered at boarding-houses and hotels, in stage-coaches and on steamboats, there were always the same rush and hurry. We may look back upon life a century ago as having quite infinite leisure, but it was already marked by quick drinks and quick lunches. The American meal-hour horrified Dickens: 'No conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness; no sociality, except in spitting; and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove, when the meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and languid; swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners and suppers, were necessities of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food in a gloomy silence bolts himself, in the same state.'

"Dickens, visiting the city (Lowell, Massachusetts) in 1842, was impressed by three facts: 'Firstly, there is a joint stock piano in a great many of the boarding houses. Secondly, nearly all the young people subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got among themselves a periodical called *The Lowell Offering*.'

"By mid-century greater wealth and more leisure meant broader opportunities for recreation among the well-to-do. They began to give increasingly elaborate balls and entertainments. When Charles Dickens landed in New York, the great Boz Ball—the tallest compliment ever paid a little man, the fullest libation ever poured upon the altar of the muses,' as Philip Hone described it—was attended by twenty-five hundred persons representing the world of society. The decorations were scenes from *Pickwick Papers*, and *tableaux vivants* were presented of *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Supper was enlivened with quantities of champagne. It was an occasion typifying a new measure of sumptuous display in American social life."—"America learns to play," by F. R. Dulles. (Appleton-Century.)

* * * * *

INFLUENCE OF DICKENS ABROAD

"... But, with the appearance of Dickens, the whole Continent was affected by English influence as it was never again to be. It may be said with some truth that the Continental view of English domestic life was still largely Dickens with a Forsyte tail to his dressing-gown.

"As to Dickens, if I wanted to offer a foreigner a picture of Victorian England, comprehensive, human, political and domestic, I could not do better than suggest to him *Bleak House*, to my mind the greatest of all Dickens's novels. Here, as in almost no other English novel, every section of English society is presented, and for once in Dickens there are live figures among the aristocrats. No one can deny Sir Leicester Dedlock his right to reality! In the centre of the book sits like a great toad the tawny menacing lump of Victorian maladjustment, ignorance, foggy, muddy indifference..."—"English Domestic Fiction, its influence abroad," by Sir Hugh Walpole. ("Times Literary Supplement," September 7th, 1940.)

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND *

"We must now turn to Holland's pronouncements upon the literature of England . . . Dickens 'had a heart which brought him into sympathy with all those phases of humanity which were intellectually interesting to him. . . . *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* are as fresh to-day as when they were written, and are sure to be read by many generations yet to come.'

"In the third place, the personal character of a writer was as important to Holland as the quality of his work. . . . Dickens, for example, was not the man he should have been; for Dickens was not 'moved by the spirit of the Master'; he did not 'love mankind for His sake.' And Dickens was cruel and unfaithful to Catherine Hogarth. 'After absorbing the lovely youth of his wife—nay, after having lived with her for twenty years, and seen pillowed in her maternal arms his large family of beautiful children, he decided that her nature was incompatible with his own, and that they must separate.' No, Dickens was not a Christian—not even an Anglican Christian. 'The Christian element is not to be found in his writings. Christianity is not brought forward, either as a cure or a mitigation of the evils which his eyes are so ready to see, and the woes which touch him with so quick a sympathy. You will find in Dickens travesties of missionary enterprise, and ridicule of various schemes of Christian reform; but nowhere, so far as I can remember, any evidence that he either loves Christianity, or believes in it as his own or the world's consolation and cure.'

"Dickens, at his best, has the saving grace of inimitable humour." —"Josiah Gilbert Holland in Relation to his Times," by H. H. Peckham. (Univ. of Pennsylvania Press.)

* * * * *

DICKENS AND NATAL

"The thirst for knowledge was not confined to the towns. No doubt several of Byrne's emigrants could remember Charles Kemble's recitations from Shakespeare in Willis's rooms, and the enthusiasm everywhere inspired by Dickens's readings. Monthly journals made it possible for colonists to read novels in instalments to their families in the winter evenings, lengthened by the colonial habit of early suppers. Dickens was the great favourite for family circles on the farm, as much as for 'penny readings' in the towns.

"Amateur theatricals appealed to children out of the nursery stage. In the home, impromptu acting within the family circle was inspired by family readings of the novels of Charles Dickens. Marionette shows, with dolls dressed up as 'Mr. Pickwick,' 'Sergeant Buzfuz,' and so on, were another expedient for whiling away evening hours." —"Portrait of a Colony: Natal," by A. F. Hattersley. (Cambridge University Press.)

* * * * *

THE COPYRIGHT LAW

"Washington Irving and Dickens each read every word the other wrote . . .

"American books were read by the authors' friends in Europe, but

[* J. G. Holland, 1819-1881, was an American writer and editor: Contrary to an oft-repeated statement, he was not a clergyman though he was in a sense a preacher. He will be remembered for his share in building up one of the greatest American provincial newspapers—the "Springfield Republican"—and one of the most important literary magazines of the 19th century—"Scribner's Monthly."]

by very few others, whereas English books were still read in America. The favourite authors were Scott and Dickens, whose novels were published in America almost at the same time as in England, and sold in enormous numbers at very low prices.

"The fact was that there was no copyright agreement between the two countries, and America was not inclined to make one. . . . On both sides of the Atlantic the position was generally regarded as regrettable, but of no great importance, until it brought upon itself first the attention, and then the passionate, ever-active, and intense hostility of Charles Dickens.

"When Dickens first visited America, in 1842, although he was only thirty, he was already the most famous and popular of all English writers. He was the author of *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, all of which, particularly *Boz*, had been read all over America in pirated editions. The welcome he was given was entirely worthy of his own exalted idea of his merits, and he was at first delighted, and then a little bored, by being the guest of a nation. Wherever he went he was expected to live in public, to speak, to eat, and once even dress, before the eyes of admirers to whom his wish for privacy or rest was only a sign of the aristocratic world from which he had turned aside to study democracy in the land of freedom. Dickens was an indefatigable writer, and his American notebooks and letters give an account of almost every moment that he passed there. He spent hours visiting prisons, institutions, schools, and asylums, and giving his opinions on them to their directors, who listened to them with far greater courtesy than he had expected. He went, in fact, to America determined to discover every detail, creditable or otherwise.

"Very soon he realised that there was much he profoundly disliked, and he was determined not to interpret his obligations as the most famous man in America in such a way as to prevent his criticising what he thought needed his criticism. His first and greatest battle was over the question of copyright. An international copyright law had become something of a mania with him, and the American publisher was assuming in his mind the dimensions of a master-criminal, whom he was determined to fight until one or other of them died from exhaustion. Whether or not he went to America specially to discuss it, it became almost the only topic of his American speeches; and he couched his references to it in terms which gave the whole American public to understand that, if they had read his books, they had partaken in a crime against him which he could never forgive and would make no effort to forget.

"Justice was entirely on his side. He was perfectly right in thinking the position most unfair to the creative geniuses who wrote the books which the people read. It was just as bad for Americans. There was no American copyright law, so that their books were stolen as soon as the first copy appeared, and no international copyright law, so that abroad their works were pirated as shamelessly, though to a far smaller extent, as Dickens's in America. But the Americans were not prepared to follow him into the battle he was fighting for them, because he fought it with such a passion of ill-feeling. The door would have opened to him if he had turned the handle instead of trying to break it down, and although in his own words he was discussing a point of literary interest as one who has a right to speak and be

heard,' that fact itself made it hardly good taste to display such feeling. Americans began to feel, to Dickens's unspeakable indignation, that his fury was proportionate to the money he had lost.

"A Copyright Law soon came, in spite of the terribly exalted plane on to which Dickens had forced the question. The dispute was one of the things which made his American triumph turn sour at the very moment when it was at its height. With a great deal of America he was pleased. Some of their institutions, especially that in Boston where Dr. Howe was teaching blind children, and in particular Laura Bridgeman, who was blind, deaf, and dumb, are described in his pages with enormous care, and he realised that we had much to learn from their prisons, poor institutions, and asylums. But some American characteristics got on his nerves so badly that his whole idea of America was jaundiced by them. Spitting, which he describes with almost unnecessary detail, revolted him and was ubiquitous. The American habit of praising their own accomplishments, which at first he regarded as a pleasant, enthusiastic way of asking him his opinion, began to seem an unending succession of acts of aggression. He went to the Middle, then to the Far West, where his popularity was the only sign of the advent of civilization, although, when civilization came, necessitating as it did the cutting down of a few of the millions of trees, he found this same advent inexpressibly depressing. Finally, slavery oppressed him so much that it was almost in order to escape from the soil on which it existed that he left America. He was of the type, also common in America, that could not bear to think of slavery, or consider whether or not immediate emancipation would be for the good of the slaves. Nothing but its immediate abolition would satisfy them; nothing else in the world mattered to them. Dickens did not fight slavery. So far as possible he refused to consider it or find out about it. But the idea that it was all around him broke his spirit for a large part of his American tour.

"When he got back to England he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which, probably without much exaggeration, he made the most of the less prepossessing American characteristics. The men of his 'New Eden' are a mixture of all the bombast, unhappiness, and determination that characterized the Americans of the progressive period, and very unattractive we find it. The publication of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which Dickens's own reception in America was burlesqued, and none of the features of America which he admired so much as mentioned, was followed by one of those fevers of indignation to which America soon became susceptible, and from which she was always able to recover so rapidly. There was not really very much in *Martin Chuzzlewit* to annoy them. If La Fayette Kettle and New Eden were American, Pecksniff was undeniably English, and in the words of Dickens's biographer was 'bred in a more poisonous swamp than their Eden, of greatly older standing and much harder to be drained.' They forgave Dickens in the end because they thought he was fair and damned England and America together with a brave impartiality. The welcome he received in 1868 is the only one till very recent times which has outshone that of 1842. Americans have never learnt the practice of bearing malice." "The Growth of America," by Giles Alington. (Faber.)



No. 2

WALTER & FLORENCE.



BY
"DOBBY AND SON"
JOSEPH CHASLER.
STEPHEN CLOVER.

A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF MUSIC

BY T. W. HILL

BY the generosity of a few Friends of the Dickens House, the library has recently been enriched by the addition of the collection of Dickensian music accumulated by Mr. William Miller during the last twenty or more years; a few additional items have been added to it by the present writer. This collection includes early 200 separate pieces: vocal and instrumental, sentimental and comic, tragic and

descriptive. It reflects the musical taste of the nineteenth century when "sheet music" had a considerable sale. Many of the vocal and dance pieces bear on their titles lithographed illustrations, some very attractive, some amusing to modern eyes on account of their conventionality. Of course, Dickens's portrait appears constantly, as do also scenes reproduced with considerable adaptation from the pictures by Phiz and others associated with the novels. There are many original designs by artists who specialised in this class of work, of whom may be named Alf Ashley, J. Brandard, Alf Concanen, Alf Crowquill, E. Grimstone,

LITTLE DORRITS VIGIL.



In the Company of

LITTLE DORRITS.

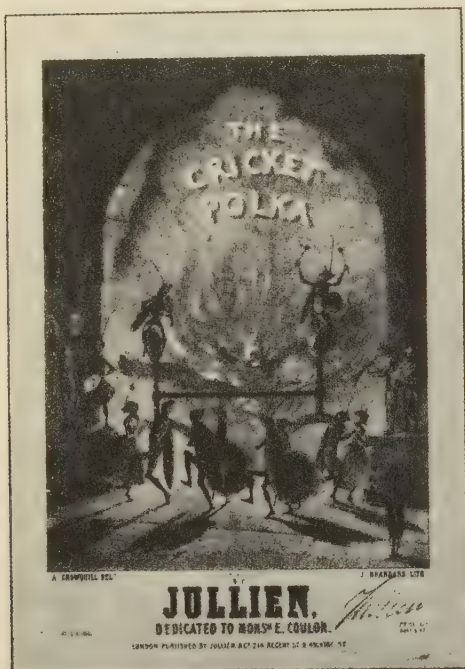
LONDON.

Printed and Published by J. H. B. B. B.

T. W. Lee, and Maguire; one or two of the more interesting examples are reproduced. A complete catalogue of the collection is appended.

Dickens's phenomenal popularity during his lifetime attracted the attention of musicians, lyrists and singers, whether concert artistes or music hall vocalists, and a glance through the catalogue will recall many of the names of the public favourites of the period, from the heaviest baritone to the lightest "lion comique."

The Victorian era was marked by public and subscription Balls given at St. James's and other halls, and some of the scores of dance music are inscribed as "danced at the Nobilities", Almacks, and Pickwick Balls," while one or two are marked "performed before Her Majesty and Prince Albert." The music for these dances was provided by well-known conductors such as Charles Coote, Dan Godfrey (the elder), and even the great Jullien, who seized on the



vogue of Dickens to popularise their dance music: they did not hesitate to dedicate their arrangements of quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, and galops (the fashionable dances of the time, especially the polka) to Charles Dickens, who naturally offered no objection. In passing it may be noted that Jullien, who did everything in a very big way, usually engaged the Covent Garden Theatre for his Balls. The issue of a new book by Dickens was followed during the next dancing season by one or more dances named from the book or from the characters in it. Particular favourites were *Pickwick*, *Dolly Varden*, and the *Carol*.

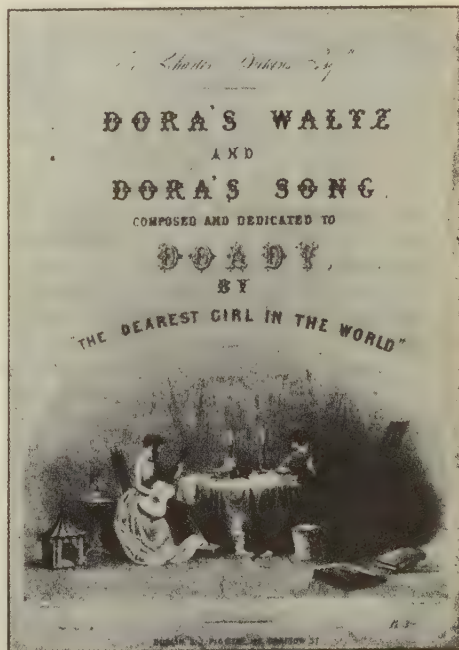
The vocal items are mostly of the sentimental type, as befitted a time when men as well as women wept openly on the least occasion and gave way to their feelings without restraint at theatres and concerts. It should also be borne in mind that melodrama then flourished as never before or since. It will cause no surprise that Henry Russell's setting of "The Ivy Green" easily leads with fifteen different editions of the well-known melody. Russell, who was a prolific song writer, found this one song a source of considerable profit as he must have

drawn royalties or fees from no fewer than nine publishers. There is as well an American edition and also two parodies (one called "The Cabbage Green"). But not only the rank and file of balladmongers were inspired (if that be the right word) by Dickens's lyrics and stories. Musicians of a higher type turned their talents in a Dickensian direction. J. L. Hatton went to *All the Year Round* for the words of his robust song "The Iron Blacksmith," although they are not Dickens's own. The names of Cotsford Dick, John Blockley, J. L. Molloy, and Stephen Glover also appear in the list, but the lyrics are of inferior quality, of rather morbid sentiment and quite unworthy of the music of these popular song-writers. The standard of the sentiment can be judged from such titles as "Little Paul," "Poor Florence," "Lord, keep my memory green," "Good-night, Little Blossom," "He was wery good to me," "I'll begin the world anew," "Tiny Tim," and "They told him gently she was dead."

Probably the best remembered are Russell's "The Ivy Green" and Glover's duet, "What are the wild waves saying?"

These songs must have had a large sale, as the nineteenth century was a time when Ballad Concerts and Musical Evenings had a great vogue. For the benefit of a younger generation familiar only with broadcasting it may be explained that Ballad Concerts were organised and financed by prominent music publishers like Chappell and Boosey, for the purpose of popularising their publications, and at such concerts eminent singers such as Braham, Sims Reeves, Sainton Dolby, Edward Lloyd, Antoinette Stirling and Santley received high fees for their appearance. After such a concert the general public flocked to the music shops and purchased the song, learned them (sometimes) and then sung them to their friends at musical evenings at home. Usually the accompaniments to the ballads were purposely made not very difficult, so that amateurs of immature accomplishment could play the music, more or less correctly, "at sight."

Dickens being an accepted humourist, it was quite natural that his work



should attract the comic singer of the period, so we find titles like the following: "The Artful Dodger," "The Dodger's Return," both sung by Sam Cowell, "Dressed in a Dolly Varden," sung by

G. W. Moore of the Christy Minstrels, "Yankee notes for English Circulation, or Boz in a merry-key," "The Boy at Mugby," and "Cap'en Cuttle." The fashionable minstrel troupes drew on Dickens for songs with choruses for their programmes.

One or two operas have been founded on Dickens's work. One was the "Village Coquettes" in 1836, described as a burletta. The libretto was Dickens's own and a production of his early years. He was later in life not very pleased with it and on one occasion said he had no copy of it "and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn down the wing of the house where it was." Neverthe-



less John Hullah wrote some very sweet music to it, and although the little opera was never published as a whole some of the songs and concerted pieces were published separately; most of them are included in this collection. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Cricket on the Hearth" written for the Royal Academy of Music, but we have not that yet at the House. B. W. Findon has written a small work "The Marchioness," with music by Edward Jones, part of the score of which appeared in the "Play Pictorial" in 1925. "Alicia," a cantata by T. F. Dunhill, is the story of the Magic Fishbone in the "Holiday Romance."

Pickwick has inspired several songs and more than one opera. There is in the collection Sir Frederick Bridge's "Christmas Song" (Wardle's Carol in *Pickwick*) and a humorous part-song, "The Bold Turpin" (Sam Weller's song at the Swarry).

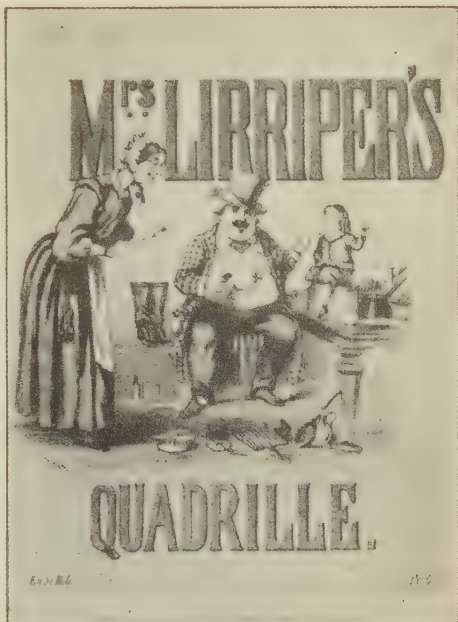
Two settings of the Ode to an Expiring Frog, both of a burlesque nature are also included; one in the manner of Purcell, and one by Alfred Reynolds written for "When Crummles Played" in 1927.

Edward Solomon's operetta "Pickwick" with words by Sir F. C. Burnand will be found in the collection, as well as "Mr. Pickwick"

by Maurice Klein. Mention should also be made of the opera "Pickwick" by Albert Coates, the score of which is already in the possession of the Dickens House.

There are a few instrumental items other than dance music that should be included in this review but they do not form an important section of the collection. There are however among other interesting items a pianoforte "Cycle" or suite by a German professor, Walter Niemann, and a Prelude "Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq., P.P.M.P.C." by Claude Debussy. There is even the "minuet" composed for the Parade-Dance of the Dickensian characters in the Rochester Pageant in 1931.

These are a few and rather random notes about the collection that has so fortunately come into the possession of the Dickens House Trustees, but they will be sufficient to emphasize the importance of this accession to our treasures.



EPITAPHS

Mr. T. W. Hill writes: I should like to add a further Epitaph to those mentioned in my article in the Spring Number (1940); one of the most characteristic of Dickens's contributions, as it is equally characteristic of the person with whom it is associated.

When little Paul Dombey died the statuary mason called for instructions about the epitaph Mr. Dombey wrote out for him, and after reading it asked Mr. Dombey to read it again as he thought there was a mistake. "Where?" asks Mr. Dombey. He is shewn the words, "Beloved and only child." "It should be son, I think," says the statuary mason. "You are right," concedes Mr. Dombey, "of course, make the correction."

By the way, I am reminded by a friend who shall be nameless, that in connection with the use of Latin for epitaphs, that language being a dead language is most appropriate.

FRIENDS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

We regret the omission from the list of donations printed in the last number, page 238, of Two Guineas from the Madison Branch.

A CATALOGUE OF THE MILLER COLLECTION OF DICKENS MUSIC AT THE DICKENS HOUSE

COMPILED BY T. W. HILL

The entries in the following catalogue are arranged in sections under the names of the names of the books with which they are associated.

The alphabetical order is that of the names of the composers.

The date of publication is given where possible.

The classification is (a) Vocal; (b) Instrumental (dance); (c) Instrumental (general).

(a) VOCAL MUSIC

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Anderson (W. H.). The Ivy Green; unison song. Pub. Wests. Pubg. Co., 1938.

Bridge (Sir J. Frederick). Bold Turpin; "romance," sung by Mr. Samuel Weller, set as a humorous part-song. Pub. Novello.

— A Christmas Song [Mr. Wardle's Carol in *Pickwick*]. Pub. Chappell, 1913.

Burnett (Henry). Miscellaneous vocal music. (Contains a setting of "A rare old plant, is the ivy green.") Pub. Jefferys.

— — Title-page only, inscribed to John Hullab.

Cawood (Martin). The Ivy Green; trio for mezzo-soprano, contralto and bass: words by C.D. Pub. Sykes (Leeds).

Crump (Arthur H.). The Ivy Green, words from *Pickwick*. Pub. Wilcock, 1898.

de Belfor (A.). The Ivy Green, words by C.D. by permission. Pub. Tregear.

Hutchings (Arthur). Ode to an Expiring Frog: the words made by Mrs. Leo Hunter; the music attributed to Mr. Henry Purcell by Arthur Hutchings. Pub. Novello, 1937.

Klein (Maurice). Mr. Pickwick; a musical comedy; book by Charles Klein, lyrics by Grant Stewart, music by Maurice Klein. Pub. Witmark (New York), 1902.

Le Jeune (George). *Pickwick* melodies; words by George Soane, A.B. 1, The Fat Boy; 2, Arabella; 3, Mr. Weller Senior's Invite; 4, Widow Bardell & *Pickwick*, Esq. (trio); 5, The *Pickwick* Dinner; 6, Sam Weller to let.

Little (H. Walmisley). Gabriel Grub, abridged and arranged for recitation by Mrs. Hasluck, with accompaniment for piano and organ. Pub. Vincent.

Maeder (James G.). The very last observations of Weller Senior to Boz on his departure from London; written and sung by J. M. Field, Esq., at the dinner given to Charles Dickens, Esq., in Boston, February 1st. 1842; adapted to an old air. *Ill.*, pub. Oakes (Boston), 1842.

Reynolds (Alfred). Ode to an Expiring Frog, from the play "When Crummites played," produced by Sir Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, 1927. MS. copy.

Russell (Henry). The Ivy Green; words by C.D. *Ill.*, pub. Brewer.

— — pub. Duncombe.

— — words by Boz; music dedicated to Lynde M. Walter of Boston. Pub. Fifth (N.Y.). [One leaf missing.]

— — poetry by C.D. by permission of Chapman & Hall. *Ill.*, pub. Jefferys.

— — poetry by C.D. (by permission), de-*l*. to J. J. Farley. Pub. Jefferys and Nelson.

— — pub. Lawson.

— — *ill.* by A. Ashley, pub. Mus. Bouquet.

— — (another copy) pub. Bingley.

— — pub. Mus. Treasury.

— — pub. Sheard, Mus. Bouquet.

— — words by C.D. Pub. White.

— — (simplified edition). Pub. White.

— — pub. Williams.

— A fine old plant is the ivy green [a parody]; words by John Melton. *Ill.*, pub. Tolkien.

— The songs of Henry Russell [Part III, 9 songs, Nos. 21 to 30, No. 28 of which is Mr. Wardle's Carol "I care not for Spring"; words by C.D.] Pub. Davison.

Solomon (Edward). *Pickwick*: operetta, words by [Sir] F. C. Burnand, music by Edward Solomon.

West (W.). *The Cabbage Green*: a comic parody; words by John Labern; air parodied and arranged by W. West from H. Russell. Pub. Duncombe.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES.

Hullah (John). *The Village Coquettes* the (burletta) opera. Words by C.D. Music by John Hullah. Pub. Cramer, 1836. Ballad, Love is not a feeling to pass away; ballad, Autumn leaves [2 copies]; song, Some folks who have grown old; song, The child and the old man sat alone; duet, In rich and lofty station shine; ballad, There's a charm in spring [3 copies], one copy bears the initials "J.F." [orster]; air, My fair home; quintet, No light bound of stag or timid hare.

— A country life ("There's a charm in spring") from *The Village Coquettes*. [A different setting from that used in the opera.] Pub. Cramer.

Stanford (Sir C. Villiers), Op. 103. 1. Autumn leaves; words by C.D. from the *Village Coquettes*. Part-song. Pub. Stainer, 1908.

OLIVER TWIST.

Bridgeman (Fred). *The Artful Dodger*; words by Charles Sloman and Sam Cowell. Sung by Sam Cowell. Pub. Kyle (Glasgow).

Sloman (Charles). *Sequel to the Artful Dodger, or The Dodger's Return*; words by C. Sloman. Sung by Sam Cowell. Pub. Mus. Bougt.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Beuler (J.). *Master Humphrey's clock*; arranged by J. Clinton. Pub. Beuler.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Caldicott (Alfred J.). *Nell*; words by Edward Oxenford. [No. 2 of the Dickens Series.] Pub. Patey.

Jones (Edward). *The Marchioness*; a chapter from Charles Dickens, arranged and amplified by B. W. Findon; an operetta in one scene. [Supplement to the Play Pictorial, July 20th, 1925.]

Linley (George). *Little Nell*; words by Charlotte Young. Pub. Cramer. [3 copies.] — — pub. Williams.

Winter (H. L.). *Nell* ("Nelly, gently sleep"). Pub. McDowell.

BARNABY RUDGE.

Dicke (Cotsford). *Dolly Varden*; words and music by Cotsford Dick. Pub. Boosey.

Hunt (G. W.). *Dolly Varden*; words and music by G. W. Hunt. *Ill.*, pub. Alcorn.

Lee (Alfred). *Dolly Varden*; words by Frank W. Green. *Ill.*, pub. Sheard, Mus. Bouquet.

Moore (G. W.) [of Christy Minstrels]. *Dressed in a Dolly Varden*; written, composed, and sung by G. W. Moore. *Ill.* by Alf Concanen. Pub. Hopwood.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Loder (George). *Yankée notes for English circulation, or Boz in a-merry-key*; words by James Bruton; music arranged to an American air. *Ill.* by Madeley. Pub. Purday [one of only 2 copies known].

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Caldicott (Alfred J.). *Tiny Tim*; words by Edward Oxenford. [No. 1 of the Dickens Series.] Pub. Patey.

Foster (Herbert). *God bless us everyone*; words by George Cooper. *Ill.* by T. W. Lee, pub. Hutchings.

Knowles (W.). *Tiny Tim*; words by Harry Lynn. Pub. Jefferys.

Thomas (J. R.). *God bless us every one*; words by Henry S. Leigh. *Ill.* [portrait of H. Templeton], pub. Hopwood.

WINGHAM (Arthur). *Tiny Tim: the Children's ode to Charles Dickens*; words by A. Wingham. Pub. Walsh, 1912. [2 copies.]

THE CHIMES.

Crouch (F. Nicholls). *The Chimes*; words dedicated to C.D., by J. E. Carpenter. *Ill.* Title adapted from *Chimes* cover, with view of Tintern Abbey. Pub. Duff.

Hime (Edward L.). *Lillian: "the spirit of the child is gone"*; words by Fanny E. Lacy. Pub. Leoni Lee.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

- Molloy (J. L.). The cricket on the hearth; words by F. E. Weatherly. Pub. Boosey.
 Stewart (James E.). The cricket on the hearth; words by composer. Pub. Mus.
 Budget.
 — — Another edition pub. by Sheard, Mus. Bouquet.
 — — Another edition pub. by Newhall (Cincinnati).

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

- Flood (Edwin). The fruit gatherers; words by Fanny E. Lacy. *Ill.* by J. Brandard after Maclise.

DOMBEY AND SON.

- Glover (Stephen). A voice from the waves; duett; words by Richard Ryan. Companion to "What are the wild waves saying?" Pub. Cocks.
 — Walter and Florence; words by Joanna Chandler. *Ill.* by J. Brandard. Pub. Jefferys.
 — What are the wild waves saying?; vocal duett; words by J. E. Carpenter. Pub. Cocks.
 — — Inscribed to Charles Dickens. [2 copies.]
 — — Another edition from printed types. [2 copies.]
 Jefferys (Charles). Florence; words by —. *Ill.* by F. Bauer. Pub. Jefferys.
 Stanley (Cecil). Cap'en Cuttle; words by C. S. Pub. Doremi, 1893.
 Wrighton (W. T.). Little Paul; words by Miss C. Young. Pub. Addison.
 — — Another copy with *ill.* by C. A. Aglio.
 — Poor Florence; words by Miss C. Young. *Ill.* by E. Noyce after Phiz. Pub. Addison.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

- Byron (F. W.). Lord, keep my memory green; words by composer. Pub. Novello.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

- Halley (T. G. B.). The parting of David and Dora; words by S. L. (dedicated to Miss Dolby). Pub. Cramer.
 Keller (M.). Good-night little Blossom; words by Geo. W. Birdseye [one sheet only (title)]. *Ill.* (portrait of C.D.). Pub. Ditson (Boston), 1858.
 — The dearest girl in the world [ps.]. Dora's waltz and Dora's song; words by composer. *Ill.* by J. Brandard. Pub. Pigott (Dublin).
 Anon. Agnes: ballad [one sheet only (title)]. *Ill.* by Ed. Grimstone, 1850.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

- Ames (Mrs. Henry). Life and death: four-part song; words from *Household Words* [not by C.D.]. Pub. Novello.
 Blockley (John). Household Words: duett; words by Charlotte Young. [Title on embossed "lace" paper.] Inscribed to C.D. Pub. Chappell.
 — — Another copy for solo voice. Pub. Addison.
 — Hearts and homes: companion to "Household Words"; words by Charlotte Young. Pub. Duff.
 Ellerton (J. L.). Echoes: "duet"; words from *Household Words*, Part 42. Pub. Addison.

BLEAK HOUSE.

- Allen (Alfred). He was very good to me; words by composer. Pub. Novello.
 Lee (Alfred). Poor Jo! with chorus; words by W. R. Gordon. *Ill.* by F. Trevisany. Pub. Sheard, Mus. Bouquet.
 Marriott (C. H. R.). Poor Jo!; words by H. B. Farnie. Pub. Scrutton.
 Thirlwall (D'Arcy). I'll begin the world anew; words by Owen S. Wilson. Pub. Hammond.
 Waldeck (J. B.). "Jo"; words by E. J. Oliver. Dedicated to Miss Jenny Lee. Pub. Williams.

LITTLE DORRIT.

- Blockley (John). Floating away; words by J. E. Carpenter. *Ill.* Pub. Cramer.
 — — Additional copy of title only. Pub. Blockley.
 — — Another edition. Pub. Cassell.
 — My dear old home: ballad; words by J. E. Carpenter. [One sheet only, title page.] *Ill.* Pub. Duff.

Caulfield (John). Little Dorrit; words by composer. Pub. Mus. Treasury.

Linley (George). Little Dorrit's vigil; words by John Barnes. *Ill.* (J. Brandard). In E flat. Pub. Cramer. [2 copies.]

— — Another copy in G, without *ill.*

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Blockley (John). All the year round, or the search for happiness; words by W. S. Passmore. *Ill.* inscription to C.D. Pub. Chappell.

Hatton (J. L.). The iron blacksmith; words from *All the Year Round* (not by C.D.). Pub. Boosey.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Anon. Great Expectations: ballad suggested by the popular novel. Pub. Boosey.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

Westropp (T.). Mrs. Lirriper's lodgings: two comic songs; words by Charles Sloman. 1, Air from Mister O'Gallagher; 2, Air from Madam Fig's gala. Pub. Mus. Bouquet.

MUGBY JUNCTION.

Coote (R.). The boy at Mugby; words by Frank Green. *Ill.* (Alf Concanen). Pub. Sheard.

Truefitt (Wm.). I'm the boy at Mugby; words by Harnlon Cassell. Pub. D'Alcorn.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

Hunt (G. W.). Joey Ladle [No thoroughfare]; words by Harry Hunter. *Ill.* (Maguire). Pub. Hopwood.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

Dunhill (T. F.). Alicia, or the Magic Fishbone; operetta for treble voices; libretto by Margaret Rose. Pub. Arnold, 1938.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chevalier (Harold). Songs from Dickens. Album. Words by H. J. Brandon. Pub. Pitman Hart. 1, In memoriam (Dickens); 2, The Debtor (*Pickwick Papers*);

3, Dolly Varden (*Barnaby Rudge*); 4, Christmas at Dingley Dell (*Pickwick Papers*);

Hopcraft (Editha). Four Dickensian ballads; words by composer. *Ill.* Pub. Dix' 1923. 1, Buffs and Blues (*Pickwick Papers*); 2, Bumble-land (*Oliver Twist*);

3, Barkis is willin' (*David Copperfield*); 4, Dolly Varden (*Barnaby Rudge*).

Little Boz [ps.]. The new year's bells are ringing; words by the composer. Pub. Brewer.

Watson (Gertrude). We're Dickens people: two-part valse chorus; words by Eleanor Whitman Watson. [Written for costume pageant.] Pub. composer.

Winkle (Nathaniel) [ps.]. What the deuce has brought back spring?; words from the German. Dedicated to the Pickwick Club. Pub. Cocks.

(b) INSTRUMENTAL (DANCE) MUSIC

PICKWICK PAPERS.

Boz Junior [ps.]. The original set of Pickwick quadrilles, for piano. Pub. Wybrow.

Bucalossi (Ernest). Pickwick waltz, on Sir F. C. Burnand and Edward Solomon's dramatic cantata.

Daubert (Camille). The Pickwick Lancers; original set for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Sheard, 1894.

Glover (Charles W.). Ivy Green Quadrilles; from melodies by Henry Russell. For piano.

— — Arranged for pianoforte duet.

Revallin (Fred.). The Pickwick quadrilles. For piano. *Ill.*

Roe (John) Junior. Roe's Pickwick quadrilles for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Duff.

Weippert (G.). The Pickwick quadrilles [and Sam Weller's waltz] for piano. Pub. Purday.

OLIVER TWIST.

Cassidy (James). The Artful Dodger Galop; dedicated to J. L. Toole. *Ill.* (5 portraits of Toole). Pub. Pigott (Dublin).

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

Boz Junior [ps.]. Nicholas Nickleby quadrilles. Pub. Wybrow.

Vernon (Sydney). Nicholas Nickleby quadrilles and Nickleby galop. Pub. Fentum 1889.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Godfrey (Dan.). La petite Hélène (Little Nell). Valse pour le piano. *Ill.* Pub. Schott (Mayence).

— Little Nell; waltz (on Linley's songs). *Ill.* Pub. Chappell.

— — Another copy (title only)—*see* La petite Hélène.

Pridham (J.). Little Nellie's polka. Pub. F. Pitman.

BARNABY RUDGE.

Coote (Charles) Junior. Dolly Varden galop for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Hopwood.

Disconzi (G.). Dolly Varden polka, arranged by T. C. Lewis. Pub. Lewis.

Gough (George). Dolly Varden polka for piano. Pub. Pettit.

— — Another edition. Pub. Paxton.

Levey (W. C.). The Dolly Varden polka for piano. *Ill.* (A. Concanen). Pub. Ashdown.

Marriott (C. H. R.). Dolly Varden quadrille [on old English tunes]. *Ill.* (T. W. Lee). Pub. Ashdown. [2 copies.]

Parker (Henry). Dolly Varden polka for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Sheard.

— Dolly Varden quadrille. *Ill.* Pub. Sheard.

— Dolly Varden waltz for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Sheard Mus. Bouquet.

Richards (Brinsley). Dolly Varden polka for piano, with accompaniment for cornet-à-pistons. Pub. Hammond.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Adams (Thomas). The Dot polka for piano, with accompaniment for cornet. Dedicated to Charles Dickens, Esq. [*sic*]. Pub. Evans.

Merriott (Edwin). Christmas Carol quadrilles for piano. *Ill.* by Hankart after Leech. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. D'Almaine.

THE CHIMES.

Farmer (Henry). Chimes polka for piano. *Ill.* (J. Packer). Pub. Hutchings.

Jullien (Louis Antoine). Chimes quadrilles for piano. *Ill.* (J. Brandard after Leech). Pub. Jullien.

Lancelot (F.). Chimes quadrille for piano. *Ill.* (A. Ashley). Pub. Bingley Mus. Bouquet. [3 copies; one with wrapper].

— — Another edition. Pub. by Sheard Mus. Bouquet.

Oakey (Henry). Chimes quadrilles for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Tolkien.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Anon. The Cricket polka for piano. Inscribed to C.D. Pub. Sheard Mus. Bouquet.

— — Two other copies not marked "inscribed to C.D.," but with *ill.* by Alfred Ashley.

Anon. Cricket on the Hearth quadrille for piano. *Ill.* (A. Ashley). Pub. Mus. Bouquet.

Jullien (Louis Antoine). The Cricket polka for piano. Pub. Jullien.

— — Another edition in different wrapper.

— — Another edition with *ill.* by A. Crowquill.

— — Another edition "modernised by Alfred Lee." Pub. Sheard.

Rowbotham (T. L.). Cricket [*sic*] on the Hearth quadrilles for piano. *Ill.* (W. Taft, after Leech). Pub. Tolkien.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Oakey (Henry). Battle of Life quadrilles for piano. Pub. Tolkien. [One sheet only: *ill.* title after Stanfield, Leech and Maclise.]

THE HAUNTED MAN.

Macfarren (Mrs. John). The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain quadrille for piano. Pub. Firth Pond (N.Y., 1849).

West (William). Haunted Man quadrilles for piano. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Cramer. [One sheet only: *ill.* (W. Barrett).]

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Lavenu (L.). Dora polka for piano. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Jullien. Embossed title in "lace paper."

Wilson (W.). David Copperfield polka for piano. *Ill.* (J. H. Jones). Pub. Williams.

BLEAK HOUSE.

- Jones (H. E.). Bleak House polka for piano. Pub. Jefferys.
Solomon (Edward). "Jo" galop for piano. *Ill.* (portrait of Jenny Lee in part of "Jo"). Pub. Enoch.

LITTLE DORRIT.

- Anon. Little Dorrit's schottische for piano. Pub. Emery.
Fitzgerald (L.). Little Dorrit polka for piano. Pub. D'Alcorn.
Hensel (Ernest). Little Dorrit quadrille for piano. *Ill.* (W. Baux). Pub. Letchford.
Norman (Jules). Little Dorrit's polka for piano. *Ill.* Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Mus. Bouquet. [3 copies, titles not identical.]

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

- Frewin (E.). All the Year Round quadrilles for piano, with cornet accompaniment. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Emery.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

- Rosabel [ps.]. Jenny Wren quadrille on Nursery Rhymes. *Ill.* (P. H. Harris). Pub. Jefferys.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

- Wilson (William). Tom Tiddler's polka for piano. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Delevante (Stratford).
Brown (F. H.). Tom Tiddler's quadrille for piano. Pub. Mus. Bouquet.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

- Coote (Charles). Coote's Lancers: "Somebody's Luggage," for piano. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Davison.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

- Victor (Adrien). Mrs. Lirriper's quadrille for piano. *Ill.* (T. Packer). Pub. Metzler

MUGBY JUNCTION.

- Coote (Charles) Junior. Mugby Junction galop for piano. Dedicated to C.D. *Ill.* (T. W. Lee). Pub. Hopwood.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

- Coote (Charles) Junior. No Thoroughfare galop for piano. Dedicated to C.D. Pub. Williams.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Guinness (Rd.). The Queen's Country Dances for piano. (Set 2, 21 dances). *Ill.* (portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert). Pub. Jefferys. No. 6 is marked "Polly put the kettle on"; No. 11 is marked "Pickwick"; No. 13 is marked "Nicholas Nickleby."

(c) INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC (OTHER THAN DANCES)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

- Corri (M.). Six favourite airs, including the quadrille and trumpet waltz from "San Weller's Tour, or Pickwick in Paris." For piano and flute.
Davieson (Charles). Pickwick: tarantella for piano. Dedicated to C.D.
Debussy (Claude). Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq., P.P.M.P.C. (Extrait du 2me livre de préludes pour le piano). Pub. Durand (Paris).
Glover (Stephen). Russell's song The Ivy Green with introduction and variations, for piano. *Ill.*
Linter (Ricardo). Introduction and familiar variations on The Ivy Green, for piano.
Niemann (Walter). Pickwick: a cycle after Charles Dickens for piano solo. Op. 93. Pub. Simrock (Berlin). [Presentation copy from the composer to W. Miller].
Read (Ezra). Christmas Eve at Dingy Dell: descriptive fantasia for piano. *Ill.* Pub. Paxton.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

- Arnold (Charles). The chimes of Master Humphrey's Clock, arranged for the pianoforte. Pub. Walker.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

- Hawley (Lavinia E.). Little Nell, ballad by George Linley, transcribed for the pianoforte. Pub. Boosey.

BARNABY RUDGE.

Ward (Clementina). "Dickens" Series for the pianoforte : No. 1, Dolly Varden gavotte. Pub. Weekes.
 — — No. 3, Barnaby Rudge tarantella. Pub. Weekes.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

White (Felix). A Dickens Note-book : Suite for piano (founded on *Martin Chuzzlewit*). Pub. Novello, 1921.

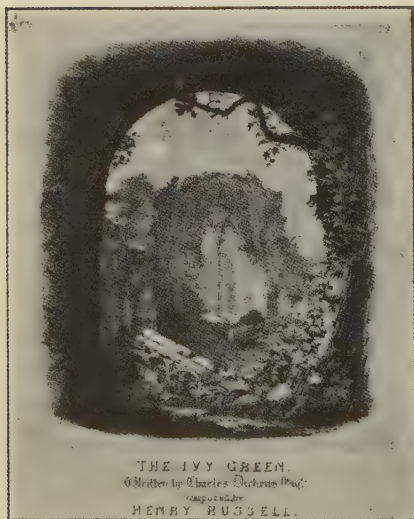
LITTLE DORRIT.

Ward (Clementina). "Dickens" Series for the pianoforte. No. 2, Little Dorrit serenade. Pub. Weekes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anon. "Minuet" : music to the parade-dance of the Dickensian characters in the Rochester Pageant, 1931. (In MS.).
 Comben (T. W. A.). Waltz : Charles Dickens, for piano. *Ill.* [A large stiff card for use as a post-card.]
 Dewdrop [ps.]. In memory of Charles Dickens, for piano. *Ill.* (portrait of C.D.). Pub. Weippert.
 Stark (Catharine). The fairy wreath ; three airs for piano. Dedicated to Mrs. Charles Dickens. Pub. by composer. 1, Con grazia (C. Stark) ; 2, Amor Marinaro (Donizetti) ; 3, Nocturne espagnol (Masini).
 Watson (Gertrude). Charles Dickens March for piano. *Ill.* (portrait of composer). Pub. Gough and Davy (Hull).
 — Pageant overture for piano. Pub. composer.

Berger (Francesco). Overture to "The Frozen Deep" (play by Wilkie Collins), arranged for the pianoforte by the composer. Inscribed "as performed before Her Majesty the Queen, July 4th, 1857." [Autographed presentation copy to Charles Dickens] Pub. Ewer.

AND STILL IT
GOES ON

THE absorption of the English mind in the war is, to me, a melancholy thing. Every other subject of popular solicitude and sympathy goes down before it. I fear I clearly see that for years to come domestic reforms are shaken to the root; every miserable red-tapist flourishes war over the head of every protester against his humbug; and everything connected with it is pushed to such an unreasonable extent that however kind and necessary it may be in itself, it becomes ridiculous. For all this it is an indubitable

fact, I conceive, that Russia must be stopped, and that the future peace of the world renders the war imperative upon us.

Letter from Dickens to W. F. de Cerjat, 3rd January, 1855.

PICKWICK IS SAFE*

IN this strange month of August lovers of Dickens may like to take down the well-worn volume in which are recounted the adventures of Mr. Pickwick. It was in August that the friend of mankind, learned student of British antiquities and rescuer of ladies in distress, made his journey from Eatanswill to Bury St. Edmunds. He went in quest of the wicked Alfred Jingle, but he could not but be struck by the beauties of the season. Indeed, he remarked to Sam Weller that it was a delightful prospect, and the amiable Sam instantly replied that it beat the chimbley pots, sir.

"Orchards and corn-fields," wrote Mr. Pickwick's biographer, thinking of English Augusts, "ring with the hum of labour; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breeze that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear."

We who live near a newer England know this mellowness of August, which would no doubt persist even if there were no human eye or ear or nose to see it, or catch its mild rustlings or gratefully fill lungs with its perfumes. This is the month of pause before the harvest, here as in Pickwick's island. This is the month when Nature intended that growth should go on in quietness.

We do not know what has happened at Eatanswill or Bury St. Edmunds.† We know that Mr. Pickwick is safe, with his mingling of good-will and of firm instinct for justice, and we don't think Sam Weller is daunted. They live forever. It is only their friends of these latter days whose reading is interrupted. Other Augusts will come when the journey through a quiet and mellow land can be resumed. Mr. Pickwick will be waiting, with a twinkle in his eye, Sam will kiss the pretty servant girl, the poetic Snodgrass, the too susceptible Tupman, the sporting Winkle will follow their bents and fear no evil.

ON RE-READING DICKENS‡

I'm certain England's plight bewilders Pickwick.
Air raids must badly frighten Little Nell.
Poor Lizzie Hexham must feel timid, rowing
Along the Thames; on Yarmouth Beach, a shell
Must baffle David Copperfield; bombs bother
Bob Cratchit's Tiny Tim; make Scrooge quite sore—
But, ah, I'm sure Madame Defarge knits calmly.
She has been through this sort of thing before.

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

* Leading Article in the "New York Times," August 25th, 1940.

† Eatanswill is safe; Bury St. Edmunds is safe; London is safe; so is England and so is *Pickwick*.—THE EDITOR.

‡ "New York Times Magazine," Sept. 8, 1940.

THE DICKENS

Dr.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To	Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates					87	7	0			
"	Printing and Stationery					31	9	0			
"	Salaries		277	10	0						
	Less Contribution by "The Dickens House"		108	5	0						
"	General Expenses and Postage					169	5	0			
						65	1	10			
						353	2	10			
	Less Amount charged to <i>The Dickensian</i>					67	0	2	286	2	8
	<i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Headquarters' Members					85	13	0			
"	<i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Branch Secretaries					11	8	0			
									97	1	0
	Meetings								8	3	1
	Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—										
	Donation to Cot Fund					15	15	0			
	Sundry Donations					3	4	0			
									18	19	0
"	Depreciation—										
	Library, Pictures and Furniture								6	2	8
									£416	8	5

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sundry Creditors						1	1	0
<i>The Dickensian</i> —								
Current Account			168	14	10			
Less Loan Account			47	5	11	121	8	11
Life Membership Fund—								
As at 31st December, 1938						330	15	0
Special Reserve Fund—								
As at 31st December, 1938						758	7	6
Advertising Fund—								
As at 31st December, 1938						75	2	10
Costume Department—								
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date						176	10	11
Dramatic Section—								
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date						3	14	3
War Relief Fund						6	2	0
Income and Expenditure Account—								
Balance at 31st December, 1938			71	15	6			
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income								
for the year			39	19	10			
Ditto <i>The Dickensian</i>			27	10	4	67	10	2
								4 5 4

£1477 7 9

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1939.

Gr.

	INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Subscriptions—							
Headquarters' Members		201	9	5			
Branches		113	1	11			
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (<i>less</i> Tax)		9	13	11			
					324	5	3
.. Interest on Loan to Dickens House (Gross)					10	0	0
.. Receipts for Charity—							
Sundry Donations		5	10	0			
Interest on 4% Consols (Gross)		4	14	6			
					10	4	6
.. Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of Special Functions					28	2	0
.. Badges Account. Excess of Receipts over payments for year					2	15	10
.. Tyrrell Collection—Reproduction and Copyright Fees					1	1	0
.. Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet					39	19	10

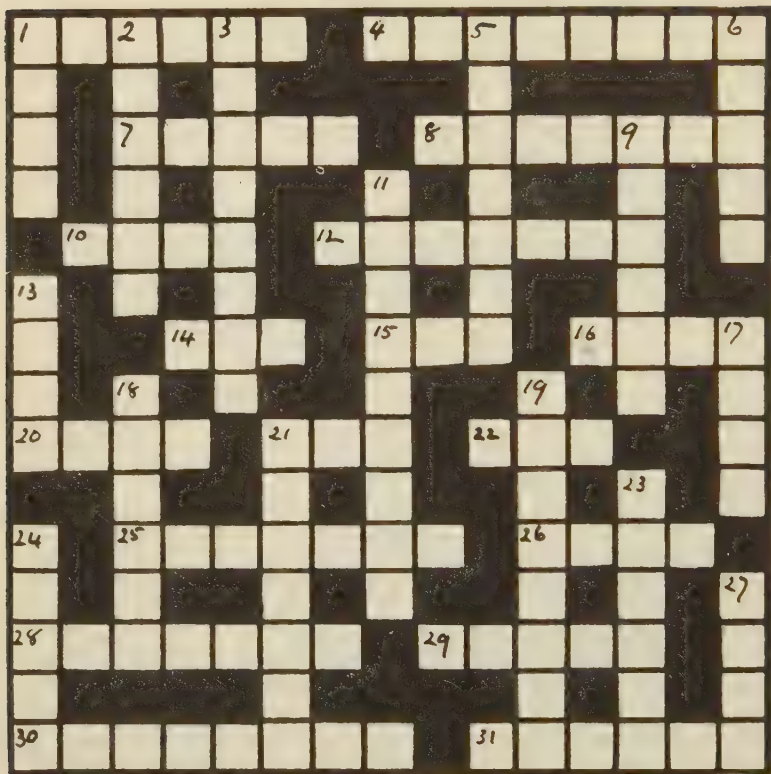
£416 8 5

AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1939.

	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Life Membership Fund Investment at cost—							
£336 15s. 1d. 4% Consols					330	14	11
(Market Value 31st December, 1939, £348 10s. 10d.)							
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—							
As at 31st December, 1938, £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols					105	0	0
(Market Value 31st December, 1939, £122 8s. 8d.)							
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House, Museum and Library)—							
As at 31st December, 1938		61	6	7			
Less Depreciation at 10%		6	2	8			
					55	3	11
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost					75	0	0
Dickens House—							
Loan Account		550	0	0			
Add Interest accrued thereon		10	0	0			
		560	0	0			
Contribution Account		51	5	3			
					611	5	3
Balances at Bank		176	12	0			
Costume Department—General Account		113	7	7			
					289	19	7
Cash in hands of Secretary—							
General Account		6	10	11			
Dramatic Section		3	14	3			
		10	5	2			
Less Costume Department overdrawn		1	1				
					10	4	1
					£1477	7	9

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also
 (Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
 22nd April, 1940. Hon. Auditors.

DICKENS CROSS-WORDS. No. 6



B. Waller Decker

DOWN

1. "Widders" were his pet aversion (4).
2. — Battleship? (6).
3. Mrs. Lammle's maiden name (8).
5. What they sometimes do with a crib (7).
6. Nicknamed "Conversation" (5).
9. From the workhouse; subject to fits (6).
11. "Pardner" to a scoundrel (9).
13. A changed man *que* Christmas; otherwise the Fat Boy's greatest joy (4).
17. The original umbrella woman (4).
18. Twice a sailor; but not a Russian (6).
19. Supplanted Mrs. Potts in a gentleman's affections (8).
21. She moulded the genteel (7).
23. Jingle, Lammle, Mantalini; and Dickens's brother, too (6).
24. The very antithesis of Riah (5).
27. A knowing bird, with back so bad and legs so queer (4).
7. Always round the corner (5).
8. The ideal name for Mary Anne (7).
10. "Of immense reputation for assisting in the increase of great families" (4).
12. A teller of tall stories (7).
14. Bob Sawyer's boon companion (3).
15. Otherwise Minnie (3).
16. All print was open to him (4).
20. Father and daughter; not unassociated with a donkey (4).
21. He gave a son to the house of Dombey (3).
22. A mother's endearing name for her scoundrel son (3).
25. Not a Somerset town but a Captain in a Christmas story (7).
26. A female Bath chap; and player of cards (4).
28. His wife was "a fine figure of a woman" but "given to government" (7).
29. So called after the steam engine (5).
30. Schoolmaster, Actor, Clerk, and Partner (8).
31. His name was rejected as a title for a book (6).

ACROSS

1. The "too susceptible" (6).
4. One hundred and five years old on March 31st next (8).

"IT'S THE SEASONIN' AS DOES IT"

"NOT to put too fine a point upon it," as Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer, often remarked, and if Mr. Darwin will not think that we are "a playin' some imperence vith" him, as Sam Weller did when he saw "the magic name of Pickwick" painted on the door of the Bath coach "in gilt letters of a goodly size," we have formed the opinion, also deriving inspiration from Sam, that the famous saying of the pieman, as retailed by the same worthy, and printed at the head of this page, would be a "werry good notion" of a sub-title to Mr. Bernard Darwin's acceptable book of reminiscences.* "Who deniges of it?" as the immortal Sairey says.

Although Mr. Darwin may think that his "King Charles's head" is "Golf"—we know it is something very different; something which indeed makes him what he set out to be, "as little like a Darwin as possible." For him there is only one King Charles: not his illustrious grandfather Charles, who wrote "The Origin of Species," but the other C.D., author of "The Theory of Tittlebats." Mr. Darwin has taken Dickens to his very self, and no other writer more often overhauls the "wollums" and sprinkles his work with the delicious seasonin' of "the immortal Pickwick," and others, as he has done.

He confesses that "it is probably a maddening habit," this quoting from the classics. It is done, he explains, partly because one seems to think in the language of one's favourite books, and "partly because the mere writing down of some heavenly phrase gives a rich physical satisfaction not to be resisted."

Mr. Darwin has indeed emulated Joey Ladle and taken his Dickens wine "in at the pores of the skin, and took that way, it acts different." But it does not act on him in quite the same way as it did on the cellar-man in *No Thoroughfare*; far from acting "depressing," its tendency is all for "jollity." The facility with which he makes apposite use of Dickens is not even equalled by Silas Wegg, who, as all the world knows, had a predilection for "dropping into poetry." No need for him to follow the advice of Dr. Parker Peps, who brought little Paul Dombey into the world, and "make an effort"; all Mr. Darwin has to do is to emulate Captain Cuttle, overhaul his catechism—which his "other name is" Dickens—until he "finds the passage," and, "when found, make a note-of."

A former editor of "The Times" once issued an edict that there must not be more than a certain limited number of quotations from "The Wrong Box" in any one number of the paper. "I feel," says Mr. Darwin, "that there must be a sword of Damocles hanging over my head in regard to *Pickwick*, but it has not fallen yet."

When giving us permission to reprint in the Winter Number last year, the clever leading article, "Ein Führer, Ein Dickens," the editor of "The Times" declined our request for the name of the writer. "Who's the man? I want to know his name." We had made a

* "Life Is Sweet Brother," by Bernard Darwin. Collins. 12s. 6d.

guess at it long before we wrote the article on the first page of this number, already in type when we received Mr. Darwin's book: and now, to quote from the opening lines of what Mr. Darwin considers "the greatest of all books"—"the first ray of light which illumines the gloom, and converts into a dazzling brilliancy that obscurity" of the authorship of the "frivolous leaders" (*sic* B.D.) in "The Times," is revealed by their author with the all too humble hope that "it may not be indiscreet to say so." With Miss Miggs we can cry "here's mysteries" no longer. We cannot, however, say with Dick Swiveller that it was "a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer": nor agree with Mr. Toots, that "it's of no consequence." Dickens himself might echo the thanks of Poor Jo, "He was wery good to me, he was," and find response in us.

Mr. Darwin likens his lonely boyhood to that of David Copperfield, except that it was his mother who died—in childbirth. He is, however, discreetly silent as to whether he was "brought up by hand," like Pip, or by a Polly Toodles: but his young life was "compact and comfortable," and after Eton and Cambridge, he studied for the Bar, was called, had a few briefs, and became, without any particular special training, "a sort of journalist." Dickens "helped me to a good start," says Mr. Darwin, for when Lord Northcliffe, who "knew his Dickens well and had a simple and uncritical affection for him," asked him "What do you know?" he replied that he knew "a little about golf, murders, and Dickens." And Dickens having given him a good start, has ever since been finding his way into his articles in "The Times," "Country Life," and elsewhere; and in this book, he has a chapter all to himself; chapter eleven, the same chapter in *David Copperfield* which contains so much of Dickens's autobiography. Is this an unconscious Dickens touch? Like Rosa Dartle, "I only ask a question. I don't state any opinion."

Let us conclude with a little story of what happened to Mr. Darwin at a Dickens meeting, expressing a hope that all over-fervent Dickens-lovers will profit therefrom.

"I once attended an excellent lecture given to an audience of fervent enthusiasts, and after the lecture came a discussion. One speaker praised Dickens for his perfect purity. He gave us as an example the scene, referred to in delicately veiled language, in which Mr. Pickwick got into the wrong bedroom at the Great White Horse. 'A man,' he said, 'might read it aloud to his sister.' He really did say it, and yet I suppose he would be just as much amused as are the more sophisticated by Mr. Podsnap's views on the Young Person. At any rate his sentiments appeared to meet with general approbation, and my ill-bred guffaw was checked in time. In the *Christmas Carol* Dickens attacked those who spoke of the surplus population. They should, he implied, be sure that they are not the surplus population themselves. Similarly, if we think we are of the elect in the matter of Dickens, it behoves us to be on our guard."

W. D.



THE "HAUNTED" MAN

BY J. H. McNULTY

"IT'S worse than I thought, far worse." The words seemed a challenge, and Mr. John Everyman, suiting his action to the words, flung the book down on the seat beside him. There was but one other person in the compartment of the train, and feeling that the ice was broken and conversation was now possible, he picked up the volume *Christmas Books* by Charles Dickens and said: "Perhaps, you don't like Dickens. There are such people you know, are you one of them?" "Certainly not," replied Everyman. "I've read all the novels till I know them thoroughly, but it's years since I read the short stories and then I didn't like them. However, just to see if my former opinion was wrong, I've brought them to read in the train and *The Haunted Man* confirms my former condemnation. I'm spending Christmas with relatives in the country and the title of the book, *Christmas Books*, is attractive, so I thought I'd read it on the journey. I wanted to be fair, but it's no good; I can't get on with it."

"I admit that the short stories are not equal to the novels," said his companion, "but whatever you may say of *The Haunted Man* as a story, the theme of it is true.

"To nearly all men the past, even a sad past, is a sacred, a treasured possession, and if you could lose all memory of it you would be a poorer man, a disinherited person. Besides, remember Dickens was a great man, a literary giant; he needed room to move, to develop his ideas, so he required a long book, not a short story, to be at his best. You can't grow oaks in greenhouses or expect a giant to be at ease in a beach bungalow."

"Stop," cried Everyman, "that's from a lecture; don't deny it. You didn't think of that on the spur of the moment."

"Yes, you're right," replied the other, "but why shouldn't I quote from myself? The quotation is much more likely to be correct. I'm getting out here. The next stop is Salisbury: you'll be able to get something to read there. It's an hour's run. Just look at the country as you pass, it's very pleasant, *Martin Chuzzlewit* country you know, see if you recognise any of it. It shouldn't be a tedious journey if you take my advice. Good-bye."

Everyman looked out at the sad but lovely winter landscape—an hour's journey and no book—but the country was beautiful. The glories of summer and autumn had passed away, but as the colours fade, the eye grows keener to appreciate what is left, the greys and browns, a mossy tree-trunk, bronzed bracken, grass still green made the more vivid by the prevailing sober colouring; all these things, scarcely noticeable in the pomp and pageantry of summer, now reveal an unsuspected beauty of their own. It must look, he thought, something like that evening late in the autumn of the year when the sun looked brightly on a Wiltshire landscape such as this and at a little village near the fair old town of Salisbury. The evening when Mr. Pecksniff found himself caught and knocked down by the angry wind. How wise Dickens had been, he thought, to change the scene of his

story from Cornwall to Wiltshire. Cornwall with all its beauty is not quite English, and Wiltshire is typically so. Perhaps he wouldn't say that if he were a Cornishman.

Half-hidden behind the tracery of the leafless trees, he caught sight of a farm and the glint of water and a thought of Dingley Dell passed through his mind, but that was somewhere in Kent. Where exactly nobody knew, but certainly in Kent and this was Wiltshire and now the train was stopping at a little wayside station. He looked out, but failed to see the name. People were entering the train; there would be no more solitary travelling, that was clear, for two gentlemen came into his compartment.

"Good evening," said the elder. "You know us, of course, no introduction is necessary, my name is Pecksniff and this is Tom Pinch." "I am delighted to see you, and is the old quarrel made up?" he asked. "Made up and forgotten," said Tom. "I am doing a small but not unremunerative business," said Mr. Pecksniff, "and by this means, supplemented by a small pension from a grateful client, I manage to get on fairly well."

"Do you know if the immortal quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prigg was ever made up," asked Everyman.

"Mrs. Gamp," said Mr. Pecksniff, "was a vulgar woman. I know nothing about her, but if the quarrel was immortal, as you say, I presume it continues."

Turning to Tom, Everyman asked, "At which village, Mr. Pinch, did you play the organ? At Amesbury or Alderbury?" "At both," said Tom. "And where did Mr. Pecksniff live?" he continued. "You had better ask him," said Tom, "he'll tell you." But Mr. Pecksniff had wandered off and was lost in the crowd.

The train was now full of people and looked more like a long gallery than a train, and catching sight of Mr. Micawber in the throng he greeted him with pleasure.

"Have you left Port Middlebay for good or are you going to resume your successful work there after the holiday?" "My dear Sir," replied Mr. Micawber, "I never was a success as a Magistrate. How can you believe such an absurdity? If you know anything of my career you must see that such a thing is impossible. Read the book again. My talents lay—if I may use such a word as 'talents' without undue ostentation—my talents lay in the direction of Finance."

"But there is a report from the 'Middlebay Times' about you? Why was that printed if it were not true?"

"I went to Middlebay, it is true," said Mr. Micawber, "and came back at the earliest opportunity. Disregard all reports about my success in that barbarous place. The book had to be finished and I had to be provided for, that's the explanation. Read the novel again and you'll see that I'm right."

Among the crowd he now saw the portly form of Lord Decimus Barnacle, and asked if he would introduce him to the noble lord or right honourable gentleman whose duty it was to defend the Circumlocution Office. Lord Decimus pointed out this distinguished gentle-

man, and Everyman asked, "Will you tell me, my dear Sir, why you put an orange in your pocket when you made a speech defending your department?"

"I liked oranges," replied the gentleman.

"Do you still make speeches?" asked Everyman. "Yes," said the right honourable gentleman, "frequently, but my voice has the inestimable quality of being totally inaudible, so no one hears them."

"But I can hear you," said Everyman. "This is a special occasion, that is why you hear me. You are favoured," said the distinguished official.

Looking at the almost endless crowd of familiar faces, Everyman saw a well-dressed and prosperous looking City man who, in addition to his overcoat, was rather unnecessarily wearing a white comforter with the long ends dangling below his waist.

"Mr. Crachit, I think," he said. "Yes, that is my name," said Bob. "Is Scrooge here?" he asked. "Yes and Marley, too," said Bob. "Did you ever know Mr. Marley, Mr. Crachit? I've often wondered if he was so much like Scrooge as the *Carol* suggests. "I never knew him," answered Bob, "but Mr. Scrooge liked and admired him, and that is a certain recommendation in itself and as it was Marley's visit that made my life and that of Mr. Scrooge so much happier, I always feel grateful to him and wish to think well of him."

"There are many persons I should like to meet," said Everyman. "Perhaps you can tell me if Dr. Manette is present?"

"I don't know him," said Bob, "but all those whom you remember are here."

He was right, for at that moment the Doctor approached.

"You wish to see me," he said. "May I ask you," said Everyman with some hesitation, "forgive me if the subject is too painful to speak about, but what was the anæsthetic that Sydney Carton gave to Darnay? Chloroform may have been known to a few scientists, but it was unknown to the general public and was unobtainable. Ether had not been discovered. I am deeply interested, so forgive my curiosity."

"I do not know," replied Dr. Manette, "I am afraid there is no answer. I would help you if I could, but alas! I cannot." He wandered away and then Everyman saw the one whom in all that crowd he, he perhaps, most wished to see—Mr. Grewgious—he had burning questions for him. "My dear Sir, this is a pleasure indeed; you can settle my problem. Please tell me who was Datchery?"

"I had not the pleasure of knowing him," said Grewgious, "he was not one of my clients."

"Then tell me is Edwin Drood dead or alive?"

"That is a question you do not want answered. You don't wish to know," replied the angular man. "I do," said Everyman, "we all want to know."

"If you knew," said Grewgious, "half your pleasure in the book would be lost. Read it again and enjoy guessing and arguing about it with your friends. Farewell."

There now approached a rather melancholy-looking person, though

not entirely sad, one who looked as if he had been delivered from a great sorrow, but who still bore traces of deep suffering. The man of the lifted shadow spoke. "You don't like me, yet we have much in common. I am the 'Haunted Man' and so are you." "I, what do you mean?" cried Everyman. "Yes, you are haunted by the pleasant memories of all these people you see around you."

Then, as the train stopped, Everyman awoke. He had reached his destination and arrived at several conclusions.

There are few more pleasant ways of cheating a bookless journey of its tedium than by dreaming, and if I want a solution of my difficulties, I must seek it in the books themselves. If I find there no certain answer the quest itself will be a sufficient reward.

MR. WILLIAM MILLER

WE rejoice to hear from Mr. William Miller that he and his wife have safely arrived in Boston, Mass., where they will be staying for the duration of the war. Mr. Miller claims the distinction shared by only one other, Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, happily still with us, of having been at the inaugural meeting of the Dickens Fellowship on October 6th, 1902, and of continued membership ever since. *The Dickensian* owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Miller, the sole survivor of the original committee appointed to launch this magazine more than thirty-six years ago. His knowledge of the Bibliography of Dickens is not only akin to Sam Weller's knowledge of London; it is unique. Our loss is Boston's gain, and we wish him and Mrs. Miller many days of peaceful happiness.

DICKENSIANA

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

- "Dickens's Life of Our Lord," by W. Kent. "Freethinker," June 16th.
- "The North and a Dickens Centenary," by Lily Titman. "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," June 8th.
- "Britannia and the Fat Boy." Cartoon by E. H. Shepard. "Punch," July 31st.
- "Landmarks of Dickens brought to light," by Pearl Strachan. Illustrated. "Christian Science Monitor," August 9th.
- "Charles Dickens, Magician," by Lucille. "World's Fair," Aug. 17th.
- "American Glimpses of Dickens." "Christian Science Monitor," August 16th.
- "English Domestic Fiction: its Influence Abroad," by Sir Hugh Walpole. "The Times Literary Supplement," September 7th.
- "Dickens in Russia, a Moral Education." Idem.
- "Pickwick in Australia," by F. Gordon Roe. Illustrated. "The Connoisseur," September.
- "Memory of Barnaby Rudge." "Yorkshire Herald," September 14th.
- "Notes for a Cellar Book," by Ivor Brown. "Manchester Guardian," September 21st.
- "Pickwick is Safe" (leading article). "New York Times," Aug. 25th.
- "The Realist. Present-day need for Mr. Blotton," by W.C.B. "Birmingham Post," October 23rd.
- "Goswell Street." "Irish Times" (Leader), October 22nd.
- "Dickens—portrayer of Dogs and Horses," by L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S. Illustrated. "The Field," November 16th.